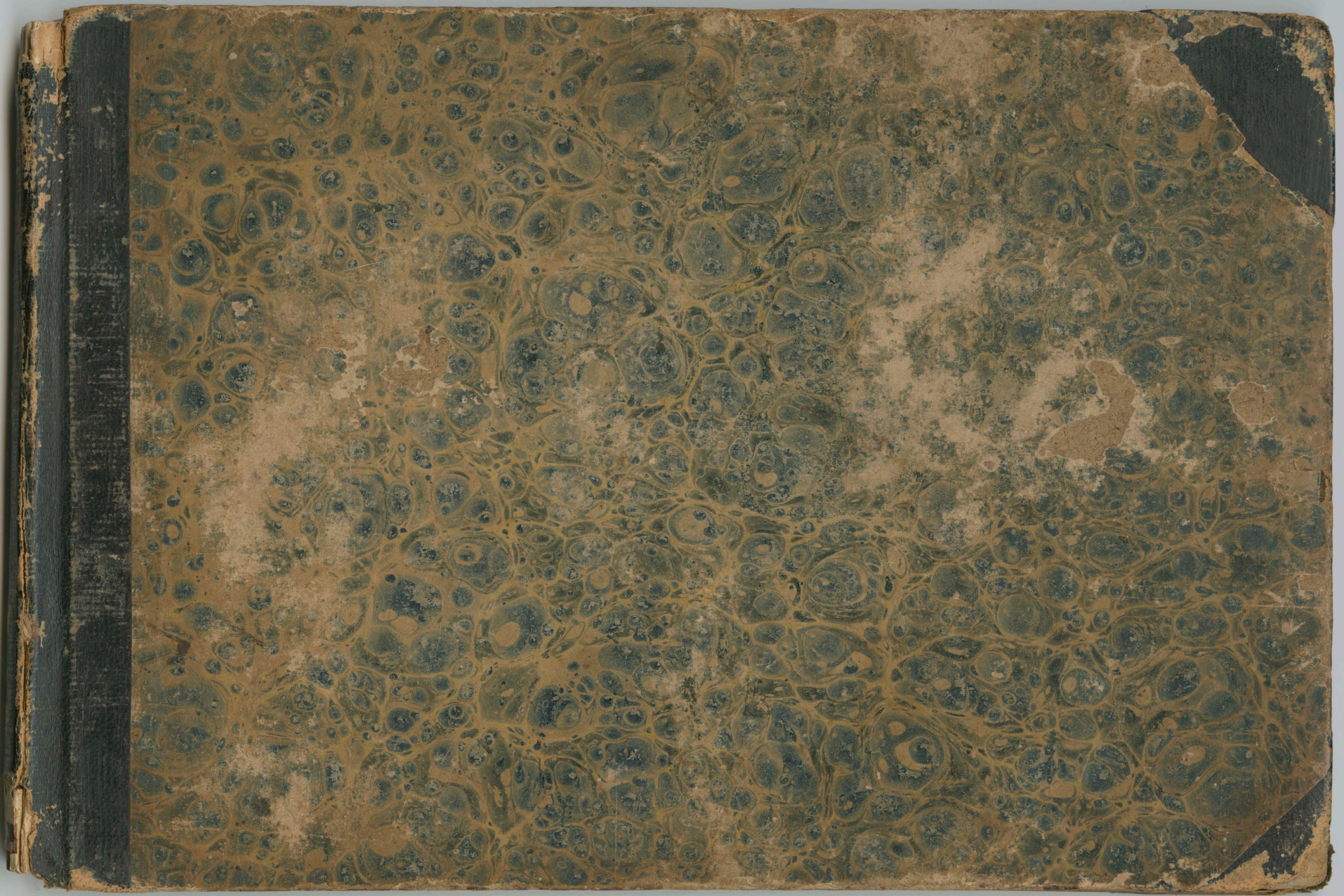
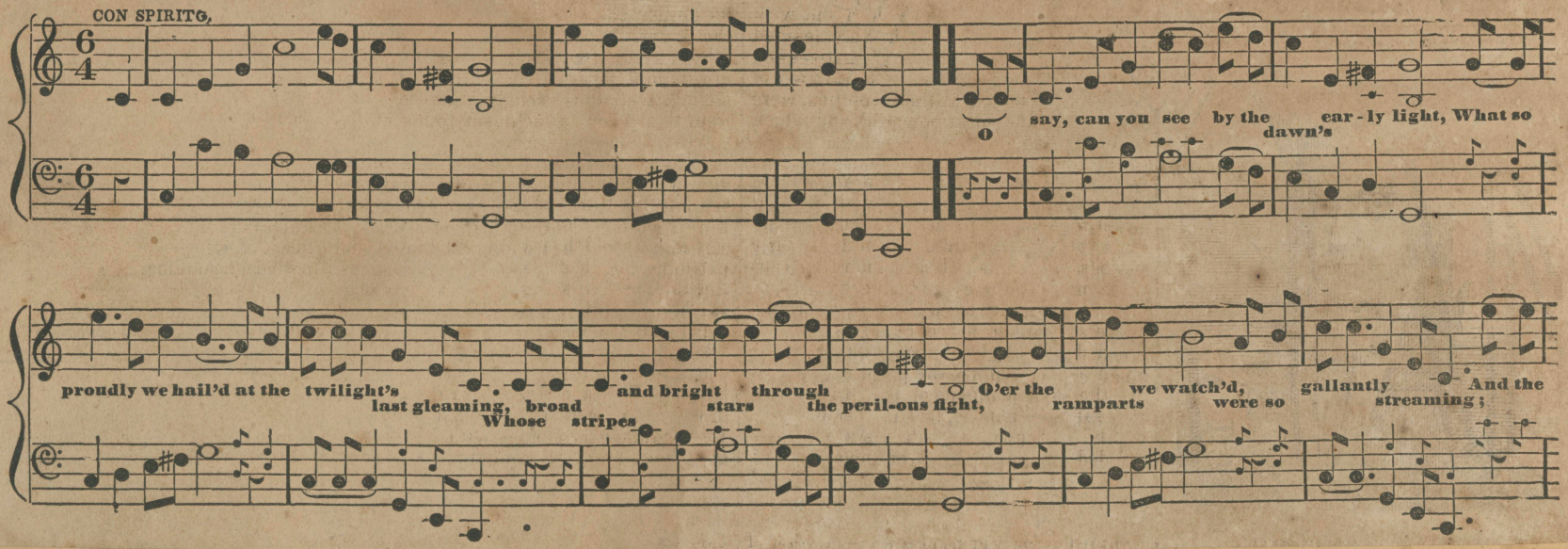


THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER!

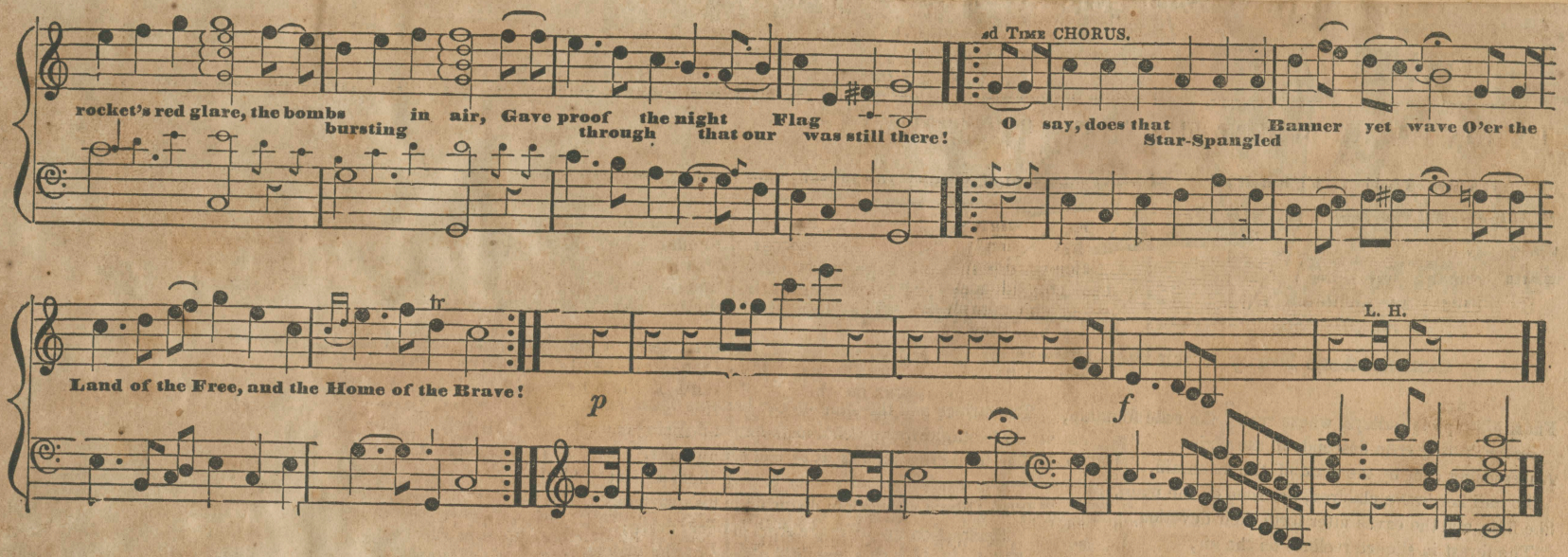
A CELEBRATED PATRIOTIC SONG—WORDS BY DR. McHENRY.



[06-009]

Soldier

Ms. Mrs. McClary's Book
from her friend
L. B. Shannon
1813.



II.

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes;
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream!
'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

III.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

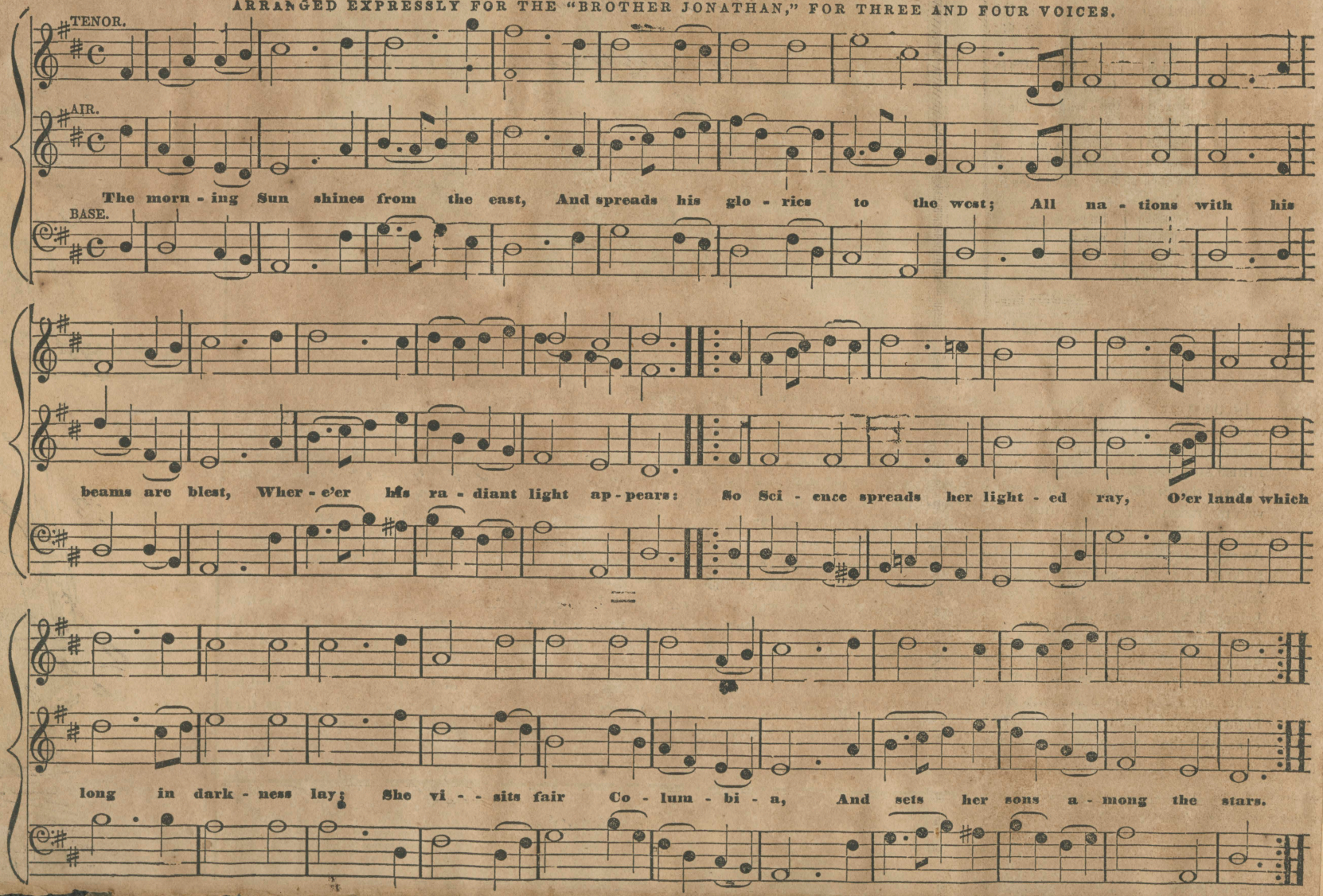
IV.

O! thus be it ever when freeman shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

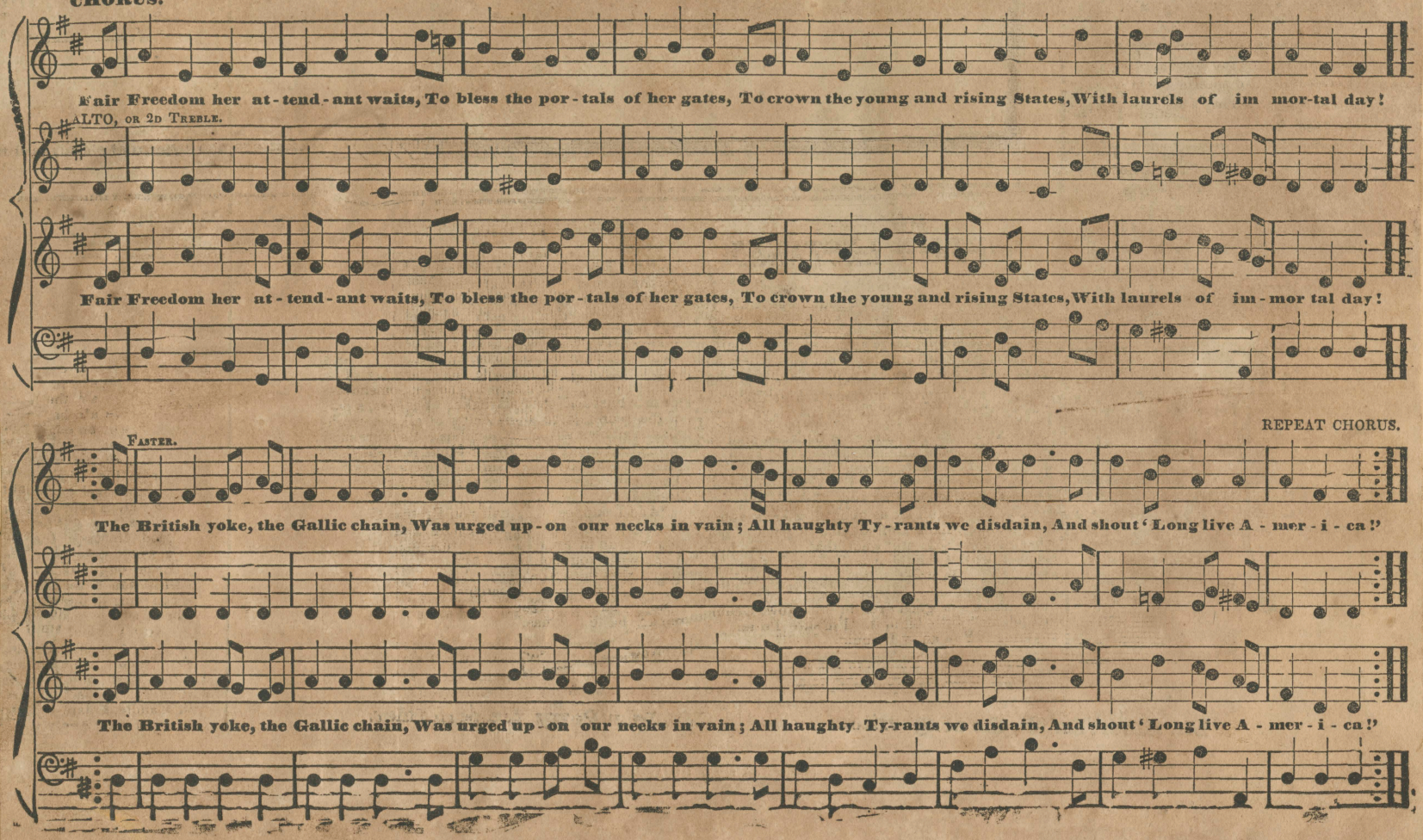
ODE TO SCIENCE.

A CELEBRATED SONG OF THE LAST CENTURY.

ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THE "BROTHER JONATHAN," FOR THREE AND FOUR VOICES.



CHORUS.

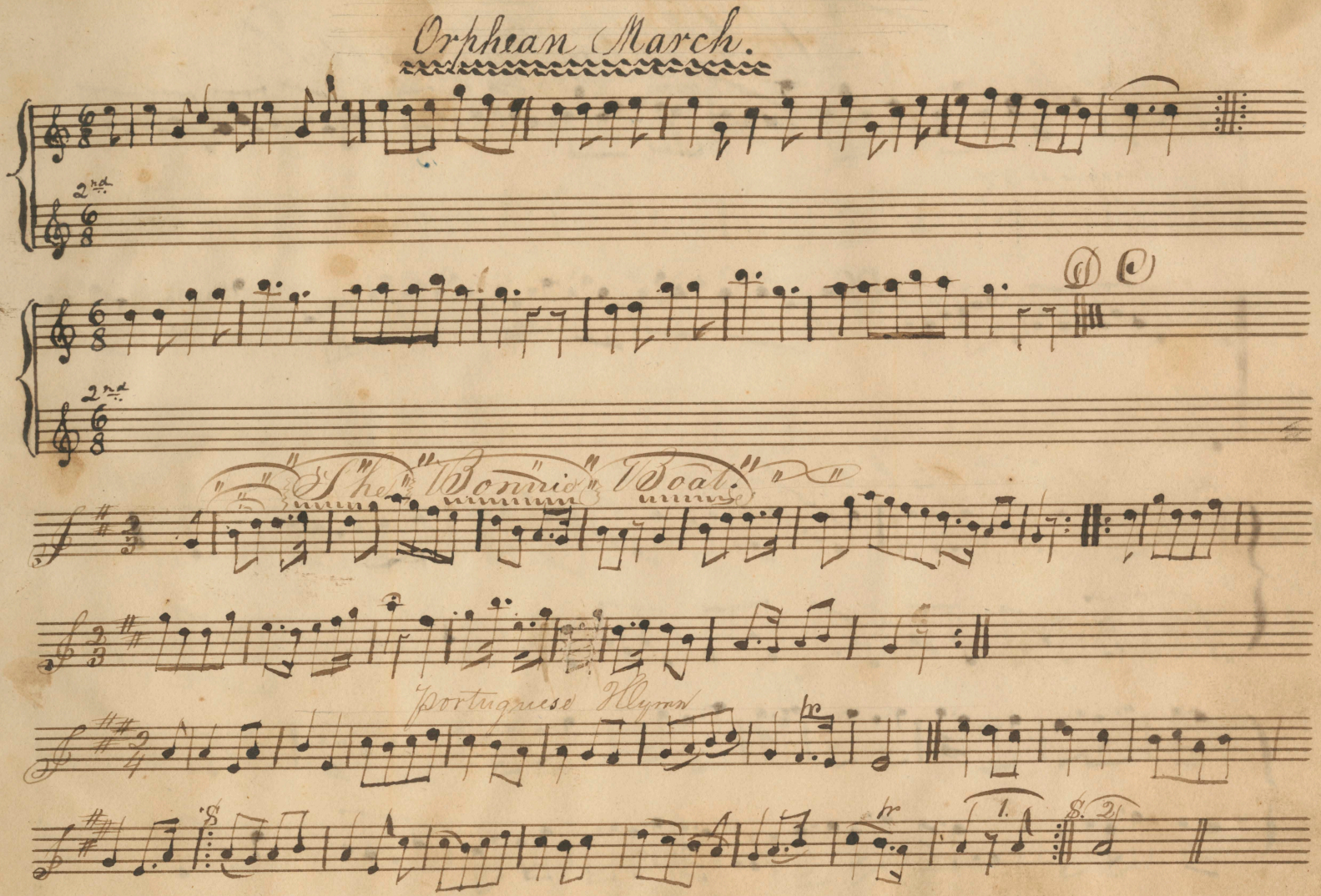

Fair Freedom her at-tend-ant waits, To bless the por-tals of her gates, To crown the young and rising States, With laurels of im mor-tal day!
ALTO, OR 2D TREBLE.
Fair Freedom her at-tend-ant waits, To bless the por-tals of her gates, To crown the young and rising States, With laurels of im-mor tal day!
REPEAT CHORUS.
FASTER.
The British yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urged up-on our necks in vain; All haughty Ty-rants we disdain, And shout 'Long live A-mer-i-ca!'
The British yoke, the Gallic chain, Was urged up-on our necks in vain; All haughty Ty-rants we disdain, And shout 'Long live A-mer-i-ca!'

Index.

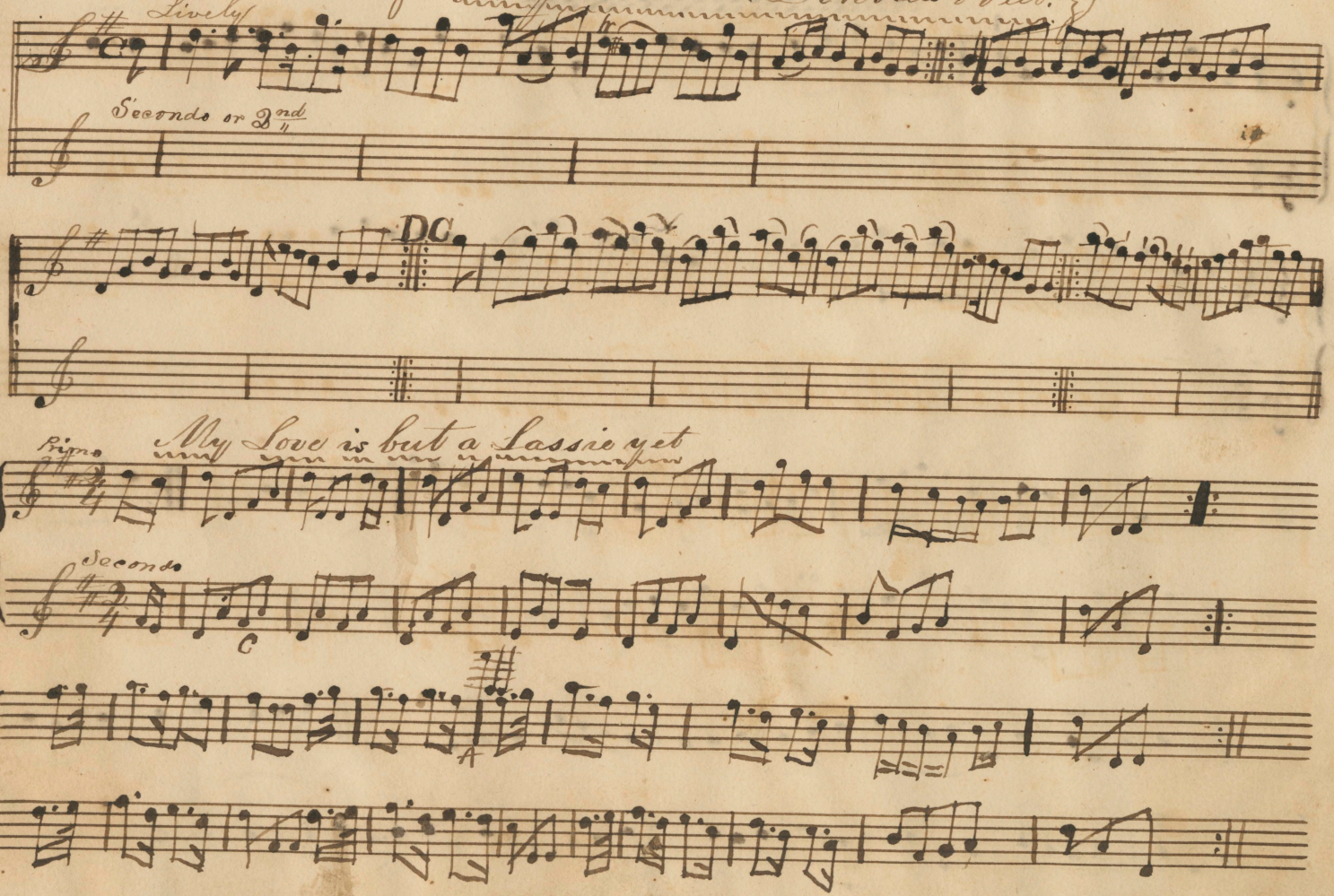
	Page
Orphean March	1
The Bonnie Boat	1
Portuguese Hymn	1
Mc. Donald's Reel	2
My Love is but a Lassie yet	2
Russian March	3
Grey Eagle	8
Wagner	8
Miss Lucy Long	8
La Cachuca, F.E.	9
La Cracovienne, F.E.	9
The Banks of the Blue Moselle,	17
Am I not fondly thine Own,	16
Come to the sunset tree,	15
They told me not to love him,	16
Oh forget me, why should Sorrow,	17
The Evening Parting Hymn	19
Away, away, the Morning freshly breaks	18
A life on the ocean wave	14.

Page

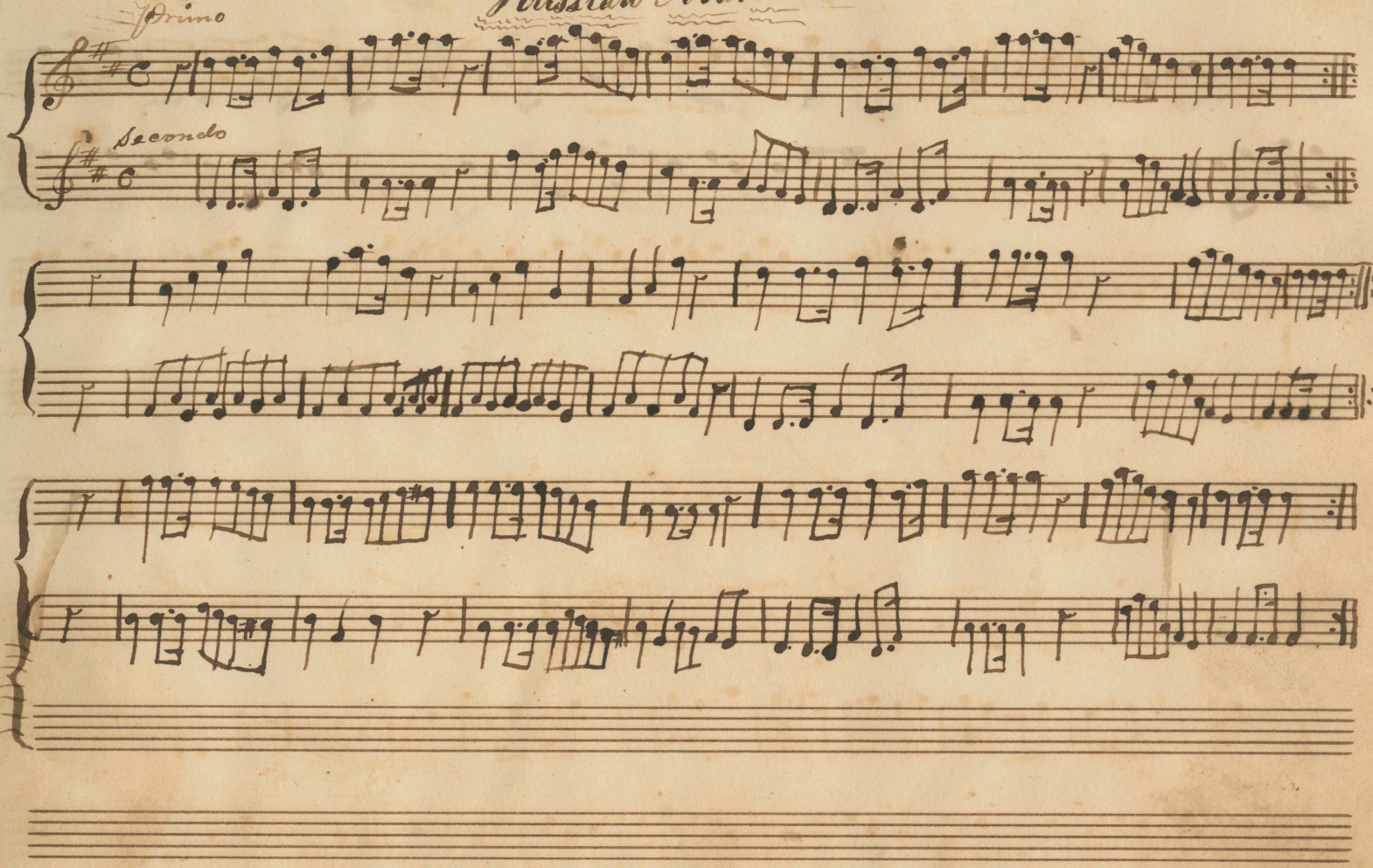
Orphean March.



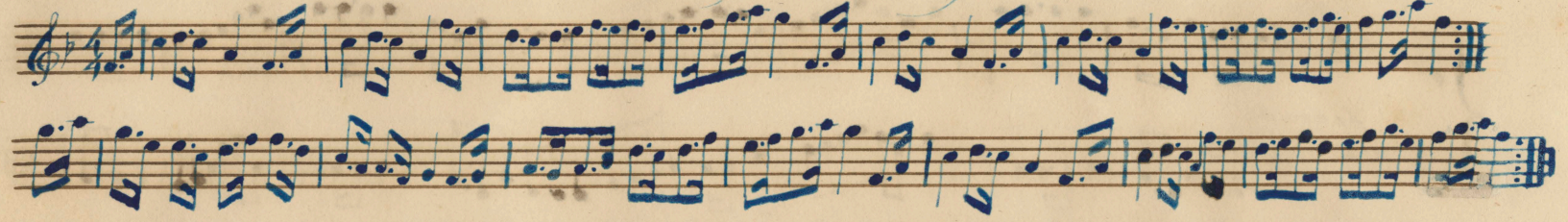
"Miss" Mac Donnels Reel.

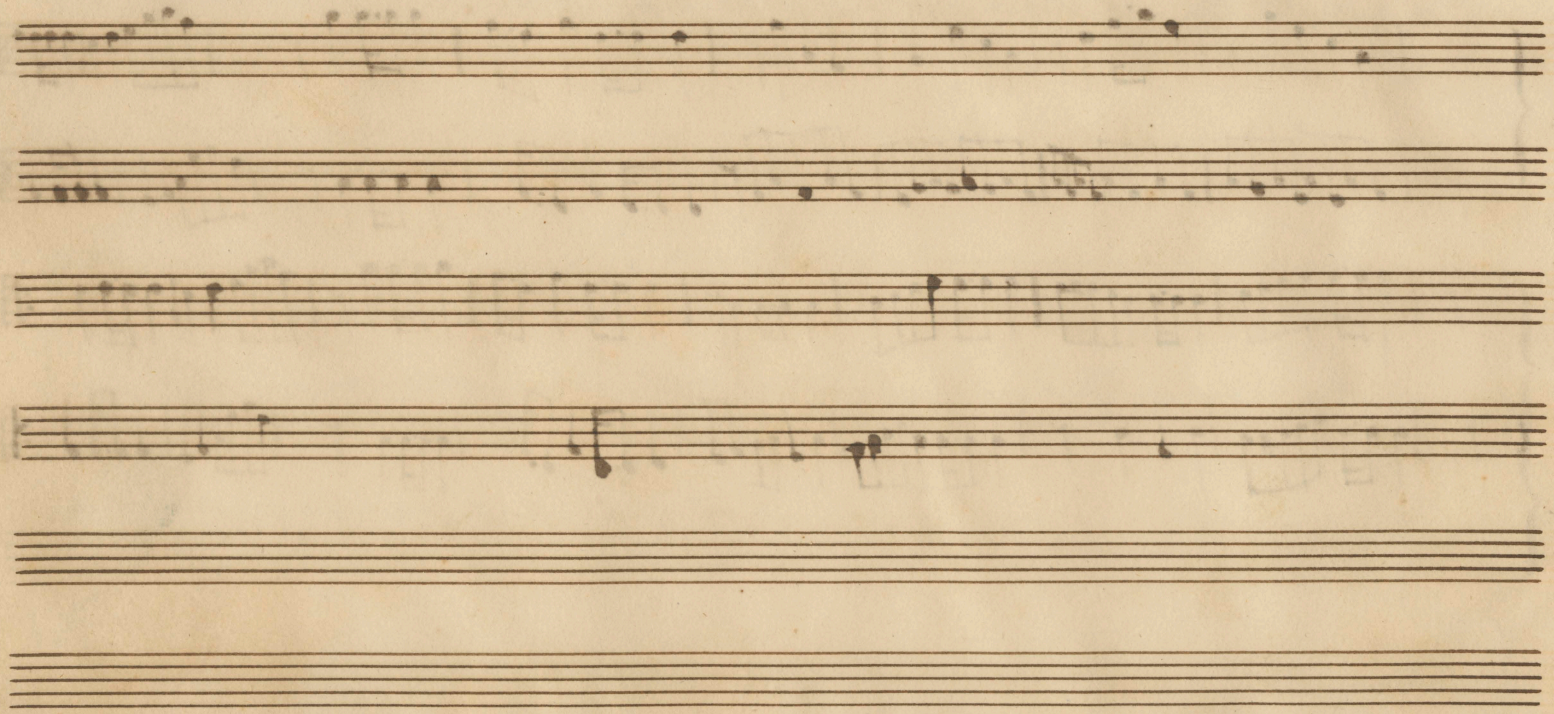


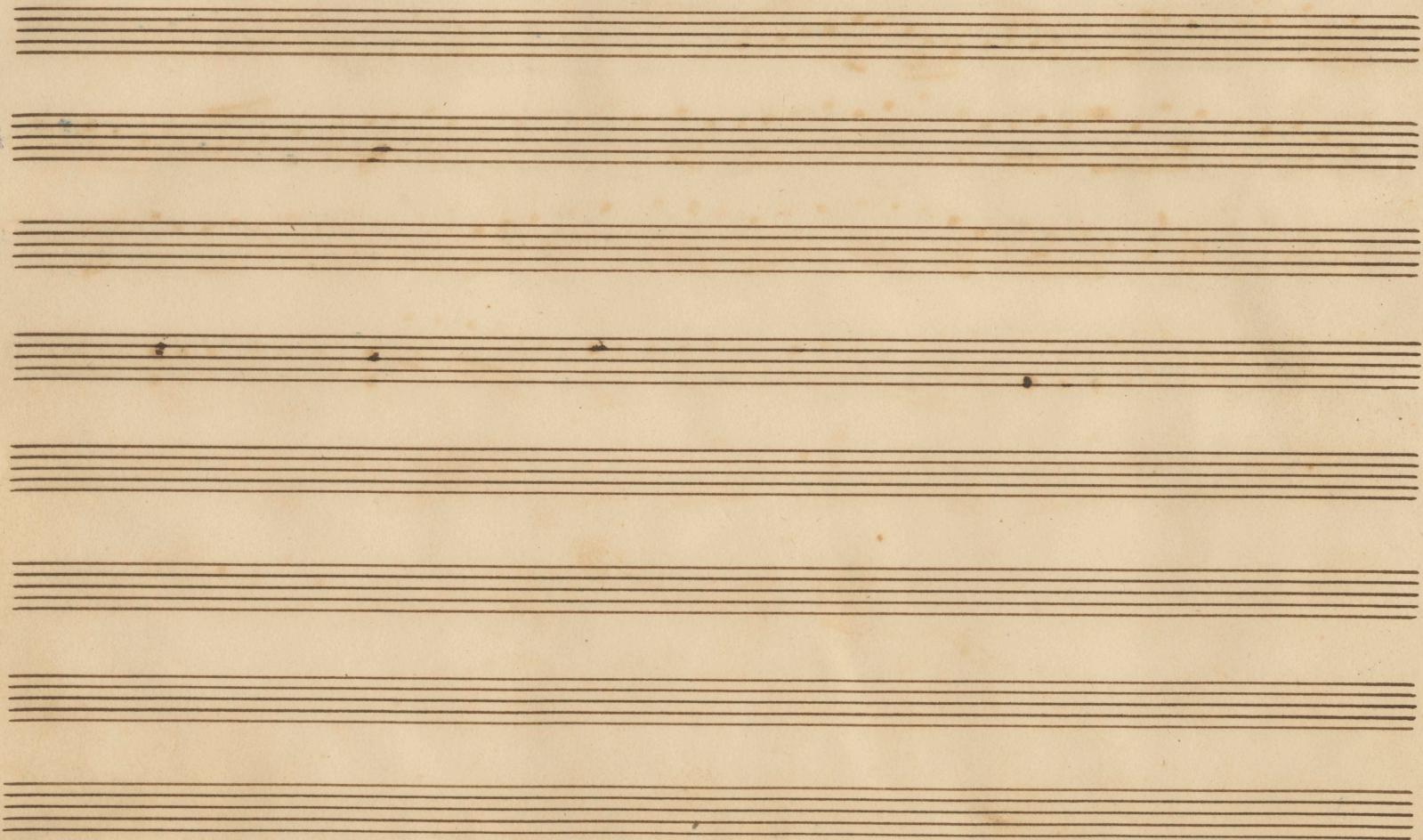
Russian March



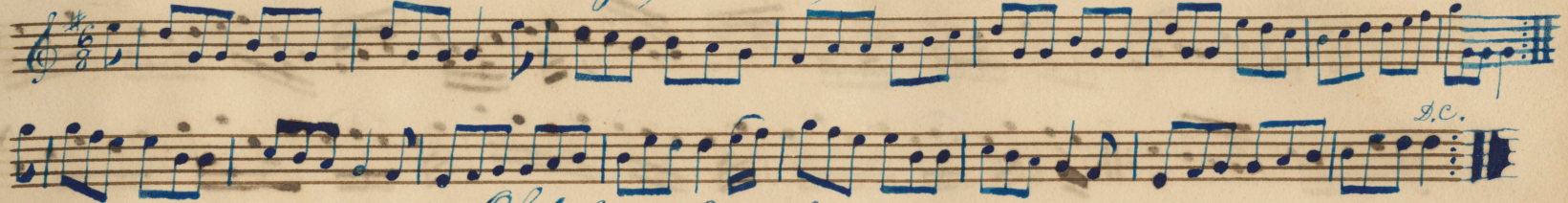
Scotch March



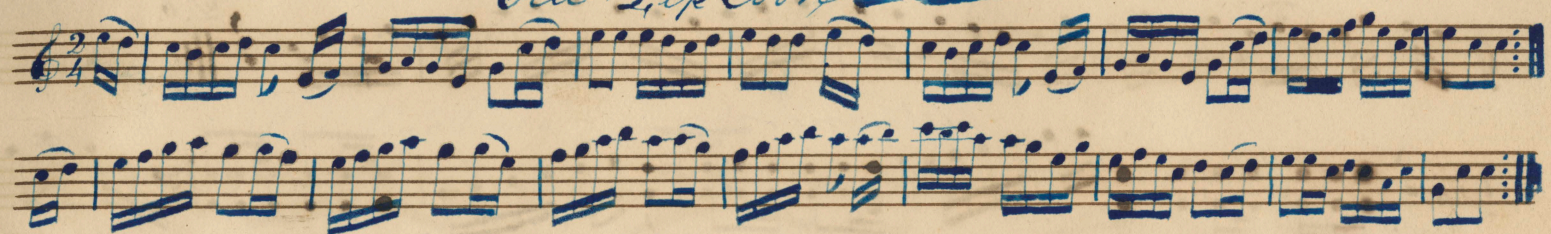




Rory O'More



Old Zip Coon



Grey Eagle

Swedish air

D.C.

Wagner

Miss Lucy Long

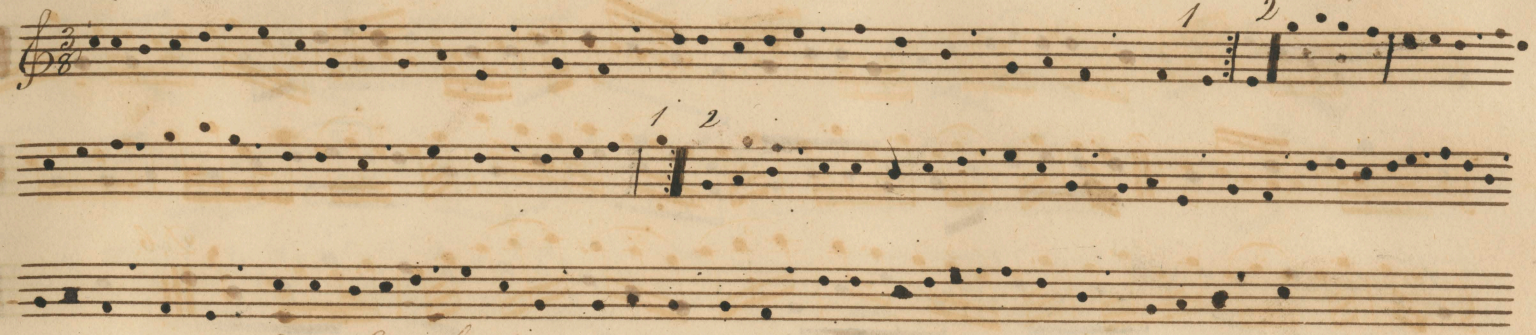
D.C.

D.C.

* At pleasure, play this an octave lower than set: closing, ad libitum, with this high set, the last half strain.

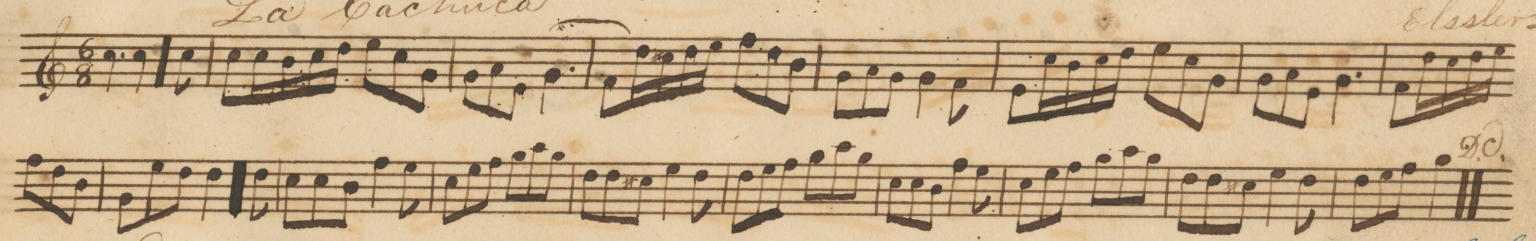
Cachuca

Fanny Elssler



La Cachuca

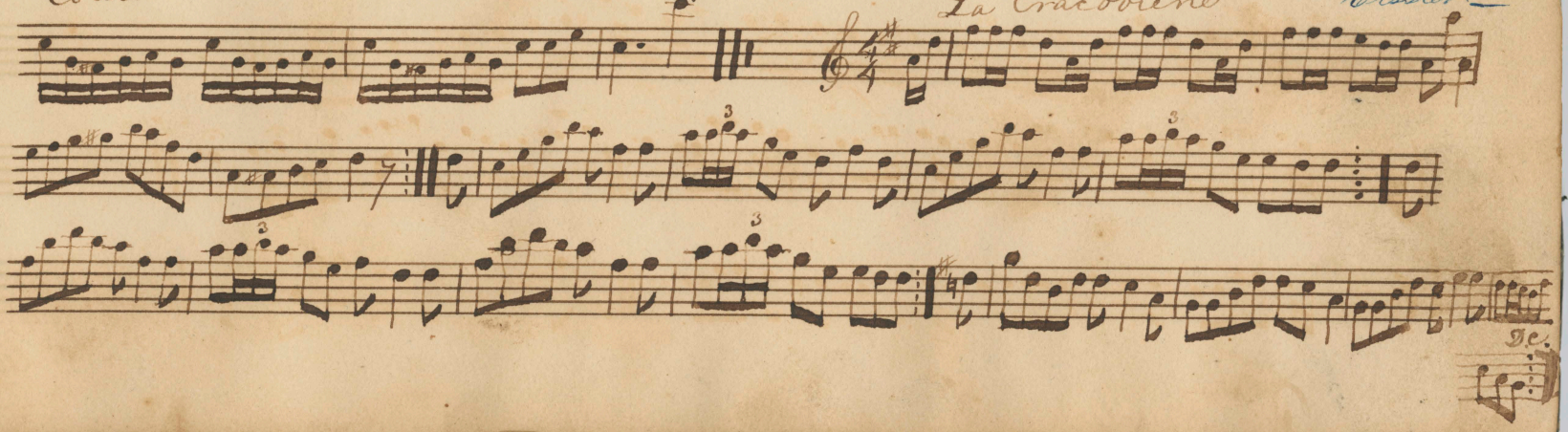
Elssler



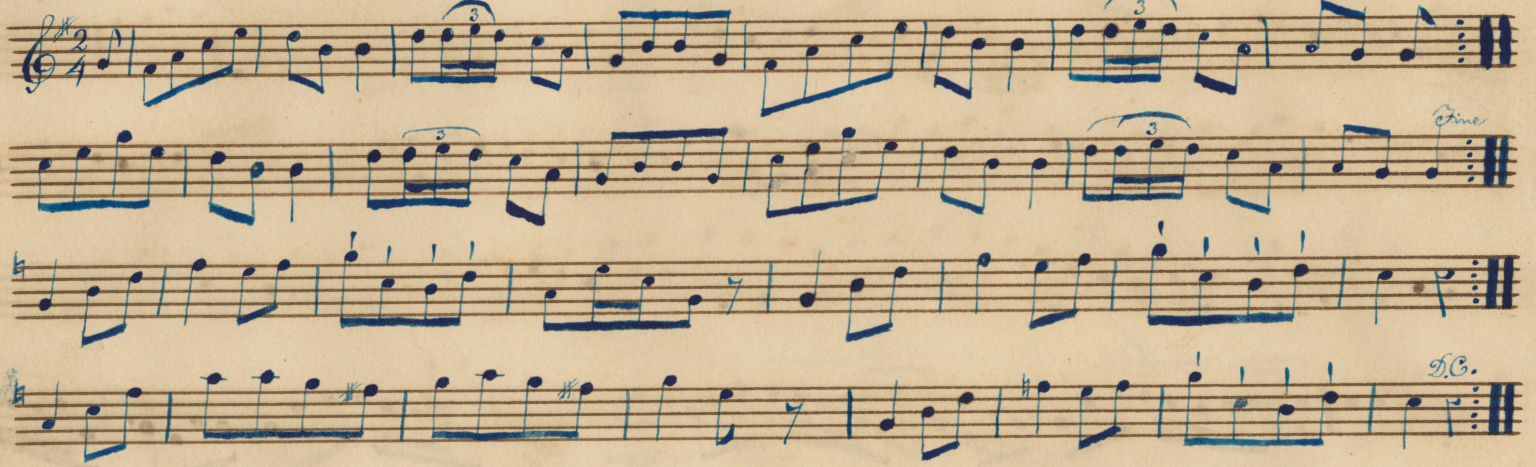
Coda

La Cracoviene

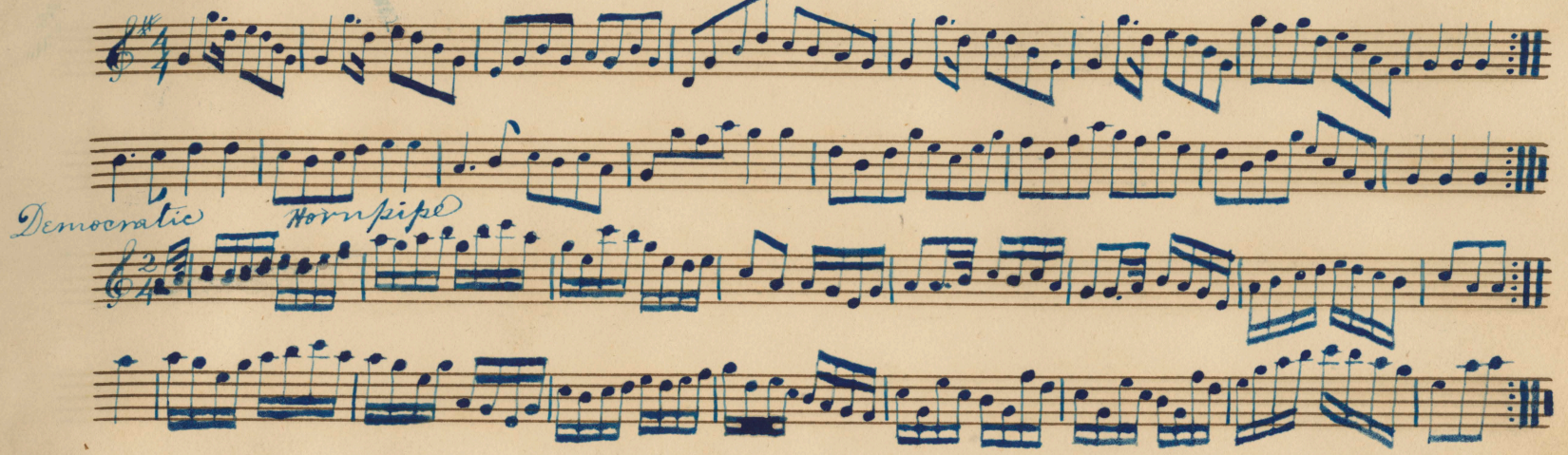
Elssler



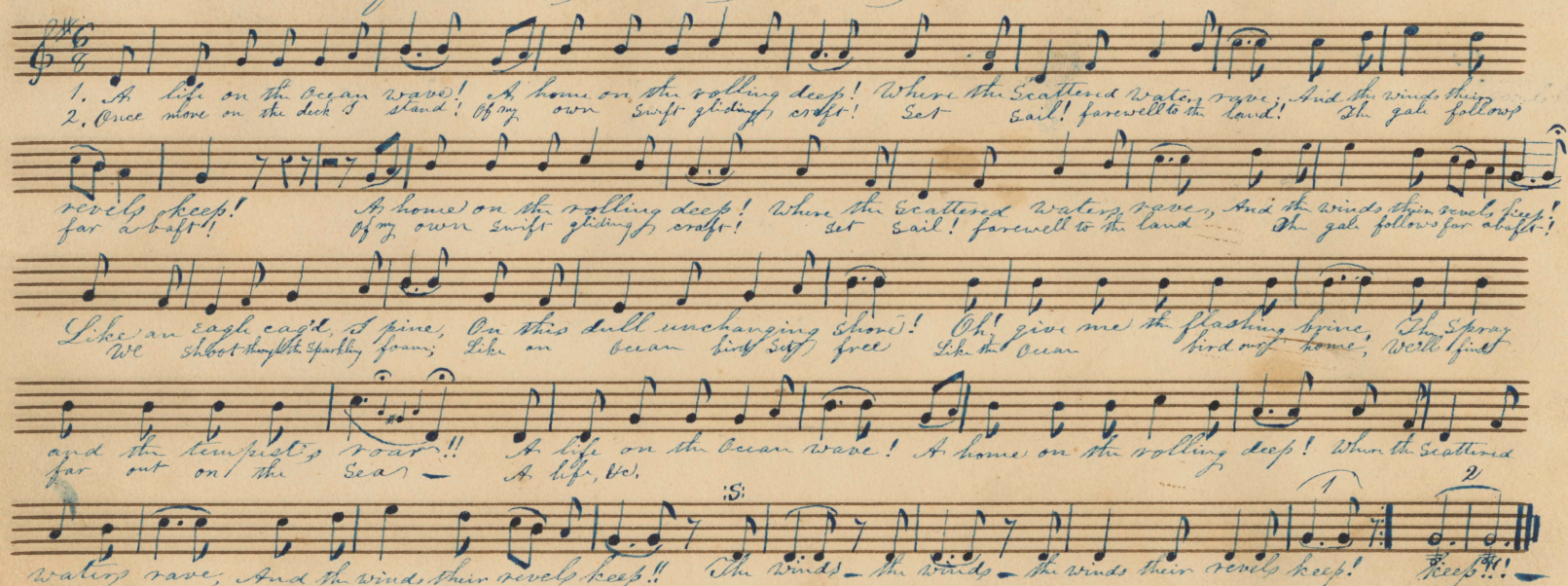
Cracovienne Quickstep



Mountain Hornpipe, or Douglass' favorite.



A Life on the Ocean Wave

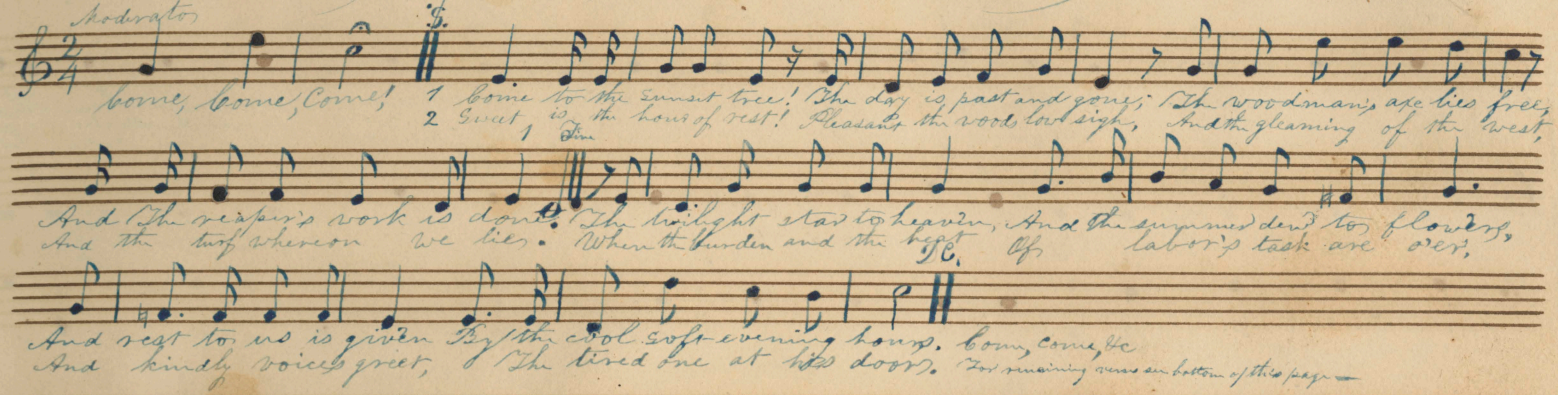


3. The land is no longer in view;
The clouds have begun to frown.
But with a stout vessel & crew;
We'll say let the storm come down. The clouds have begun to

And the song of our heart shall be,
While the wind's and the waters rave;
"A life on the heaving Sea!
A home on the bounding wave!" A life on the ocean wave, &c.

Come to the Sunset Tree

Duman.



3 Yes; tuneful is the sound,
That dwells in whispering boughs;
Welcome the freshness round
And the gale that fans our brow.

But rest, more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our longing hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, Come, &c.

4 Then shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
Then shall be no monsoon,
No weary wandering feet.

And we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.
Come, Come, &c

Am I not fondly thine Own?

Andantino

1 Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom, There, there, hast thou thy throne; Thou, thou know'st that I
2 Then, then even as I love thee, Say, Say, wilt thou love me? Thoughts, thoughts tender and
3 Speak, Speak, love I implore thee! Say, Say, "Hope may be thine"; Thou, thou know'st that I

love thee, Am I not fondly thine own?
true love, Say wilt thou cherish for me?
love thee Say but that thou wilt be mine!

calando

tempo

Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fondly thine own?

They told me not to Love Him—

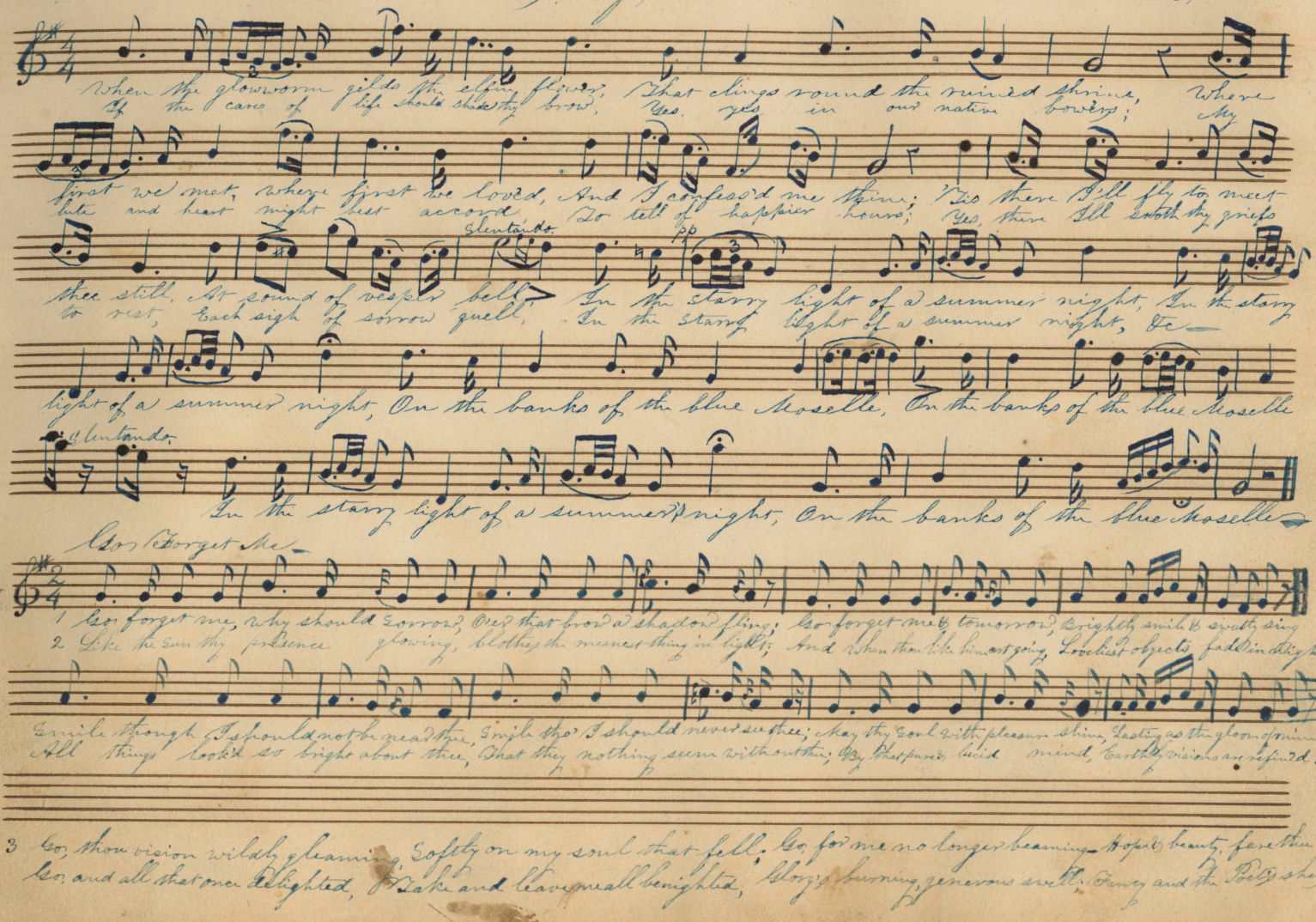
Andantino

They told me not to love him! They said that he would prove, Unworthy of so rich a gem, As woman's peerless love.
They told me not to love him! They said he was not true, And bade me have a care lest I should do what I might rue!

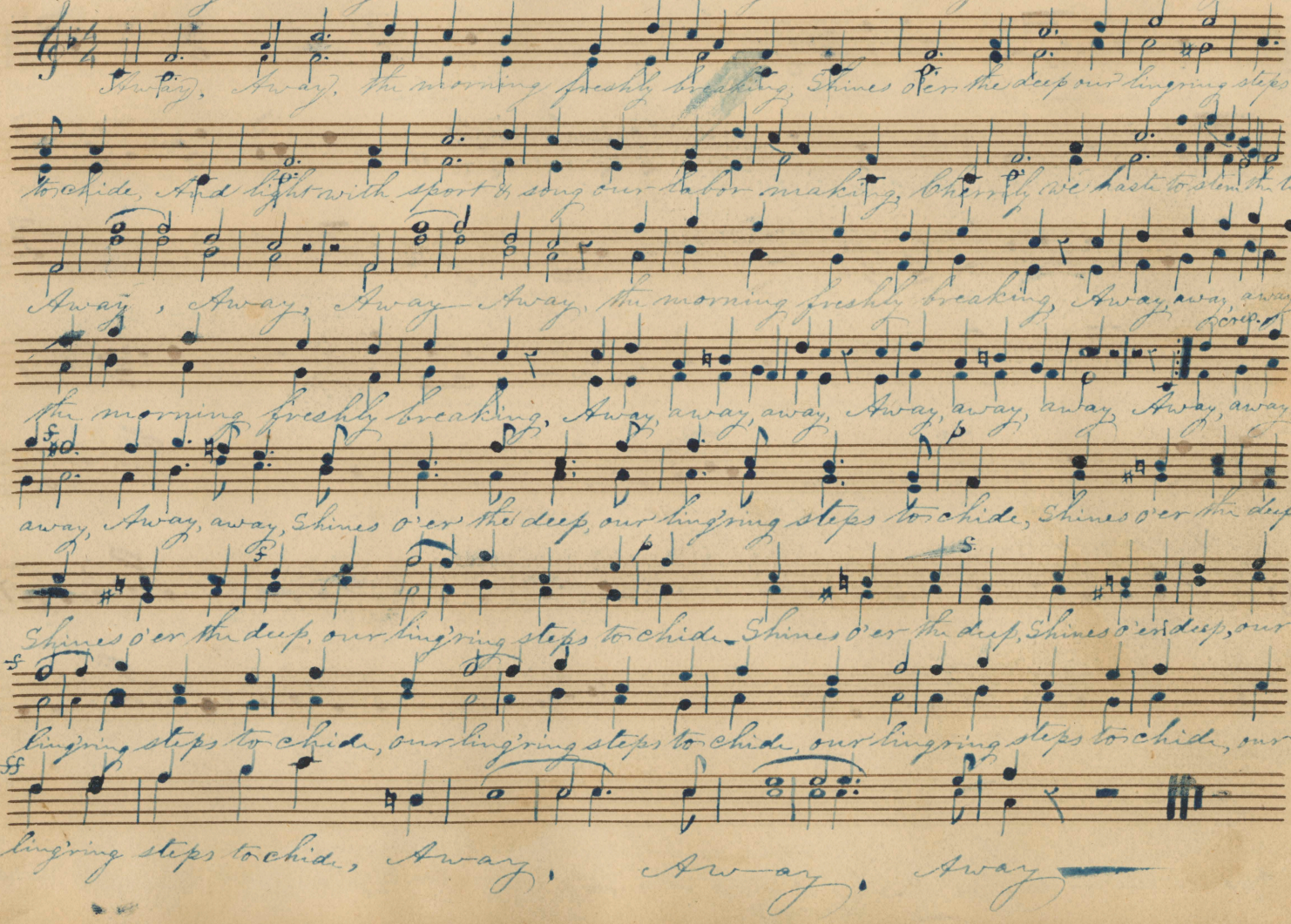
But I believed them not, Oh! no, I knew it could not be, That one so false as they thought him, Could be so dear to me.
At first I scorn'd their warnings, for I could not think that he, Concealed beneath so fair a brow, A heart of perfidy—*

* For the remainder of this song, see page 81—

The Banks of the Blue Moselle.



Away, Away, The Morning Freshly Breaking



The Evening Parting Hymn

Moderato Grazioso. Poet. Dr Gray. Music, Boieldieu

Solo.

Bright be our parting, where brightly we've met; Voices of music are echoing yet — Tones that we love
Swift speed the moments of meeting with you, Hours that enjoyment has tinged as they flew, Bright as still wa=

Duett

to hear, Swell on the listning ear, Hark, now in accents clear, singing, good night — Good night
=ters lie, When each fair star on high, Bends from the quiet sky, looking good night — Good night,

good night, and joy surround you, Good night, good night, The lingring tone that mem'ry loves,
good night; brief be our parting; Good night, good night, The echoing fall of music's strain,

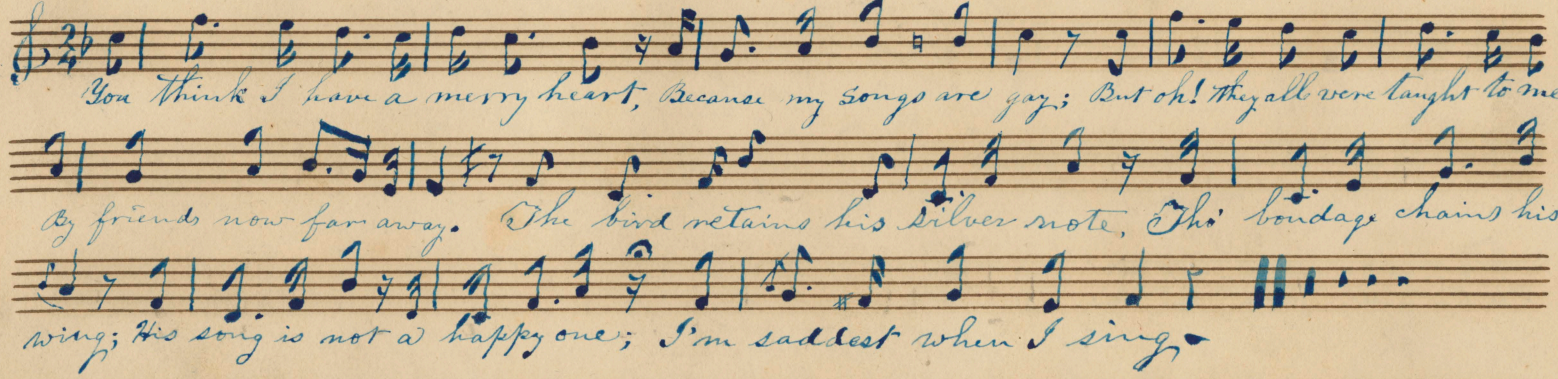
Through your dreams in peace be stealing, All its joys in light revealing, Thro' each field
breath around her sweetest numbers, Through your soft and gentle slumbers, Till in peace

where fancy roves, Good night, a warm good night — Thro' each field where fancy roves,
we meet again Good night; once more, good night — Till in peace we meet again,

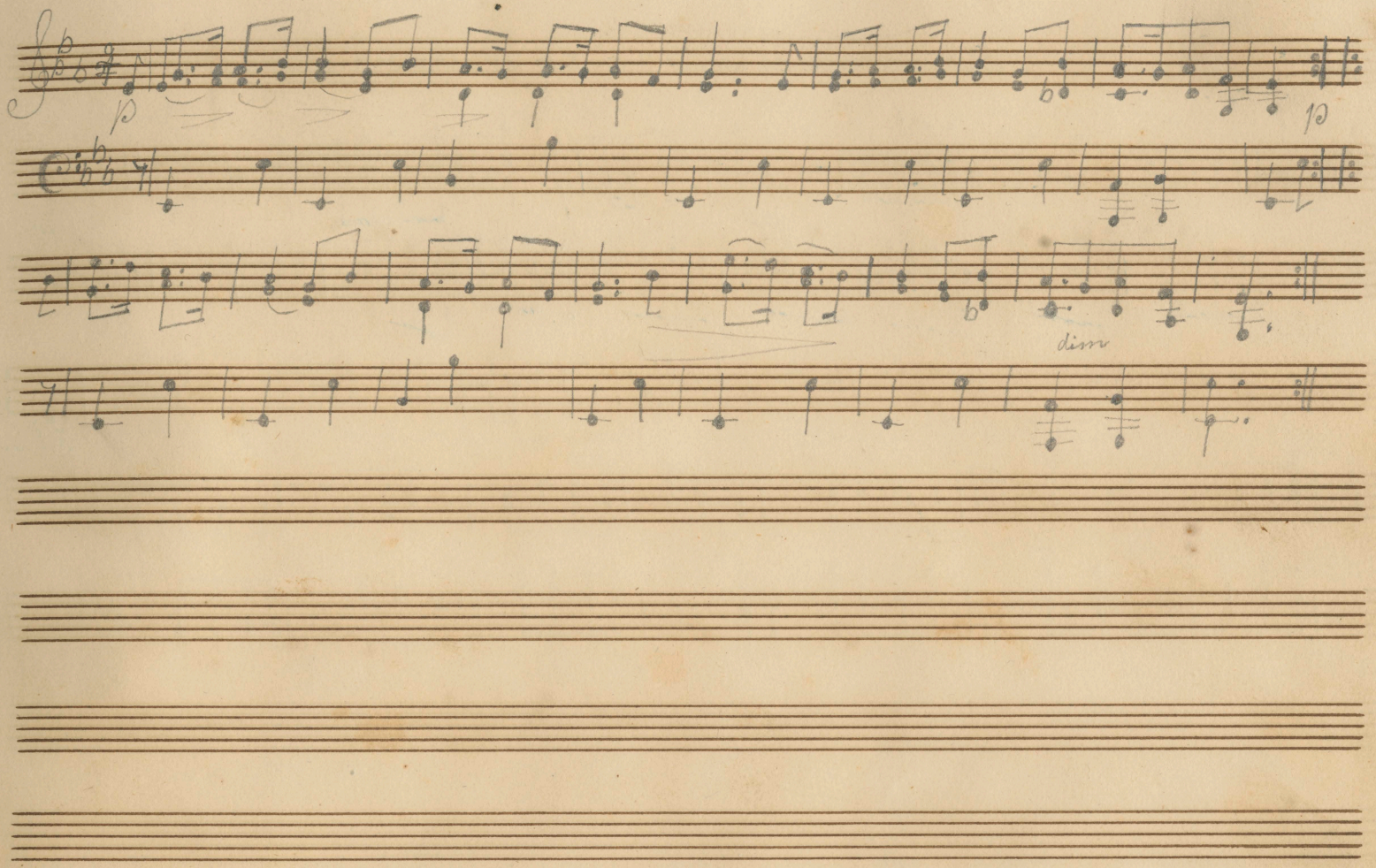
Good night, a warm good night — Good night, good night, and joy surround you, Good night
Good night, once more good night — Good night, good night, brief be our parting Good night

Good night, The lingring tone that mem'ry loves, Good night, Good night —
good night, Ventill in peace we meet again, Good night, Good night —

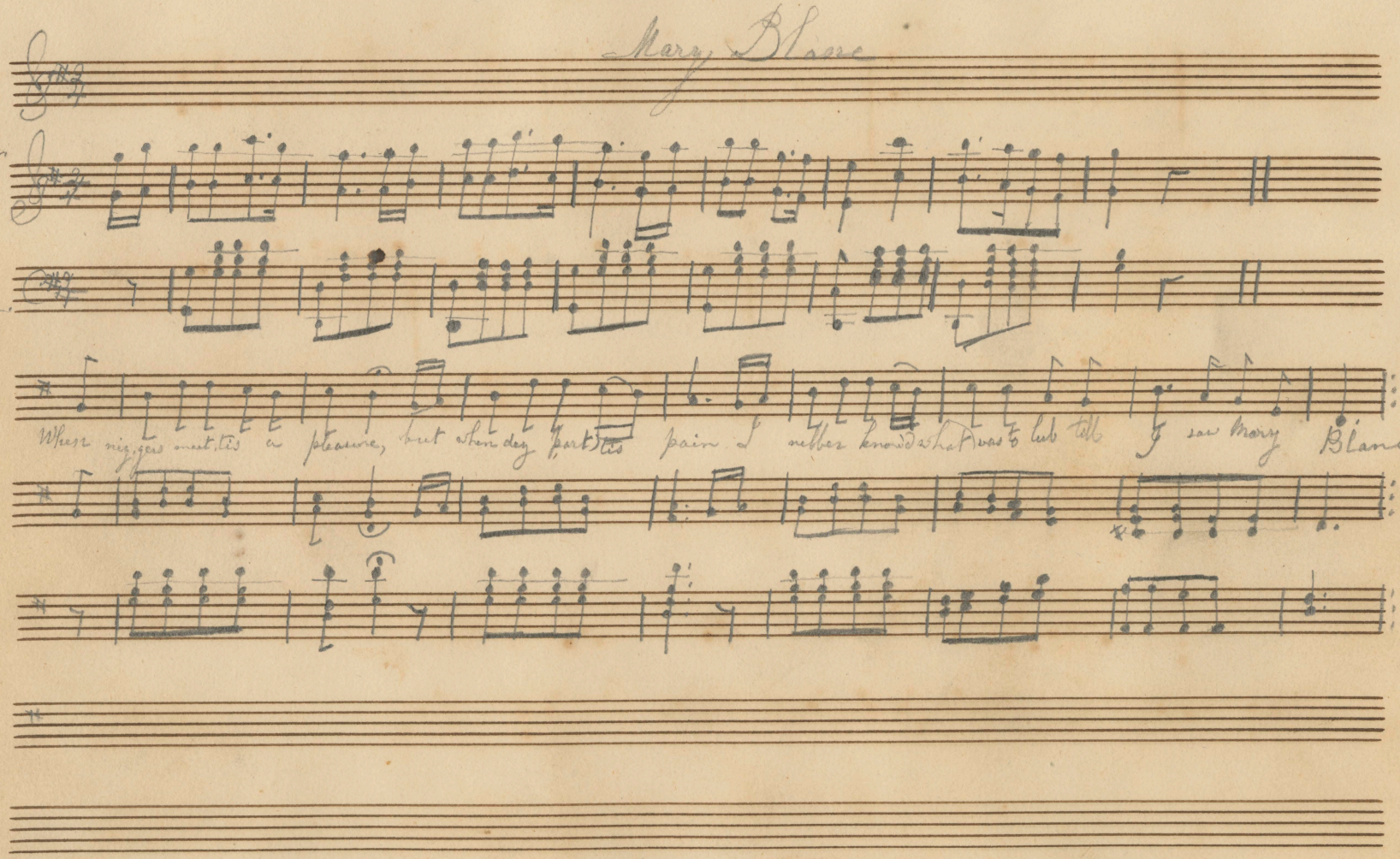
I'm Saddest when I Sing

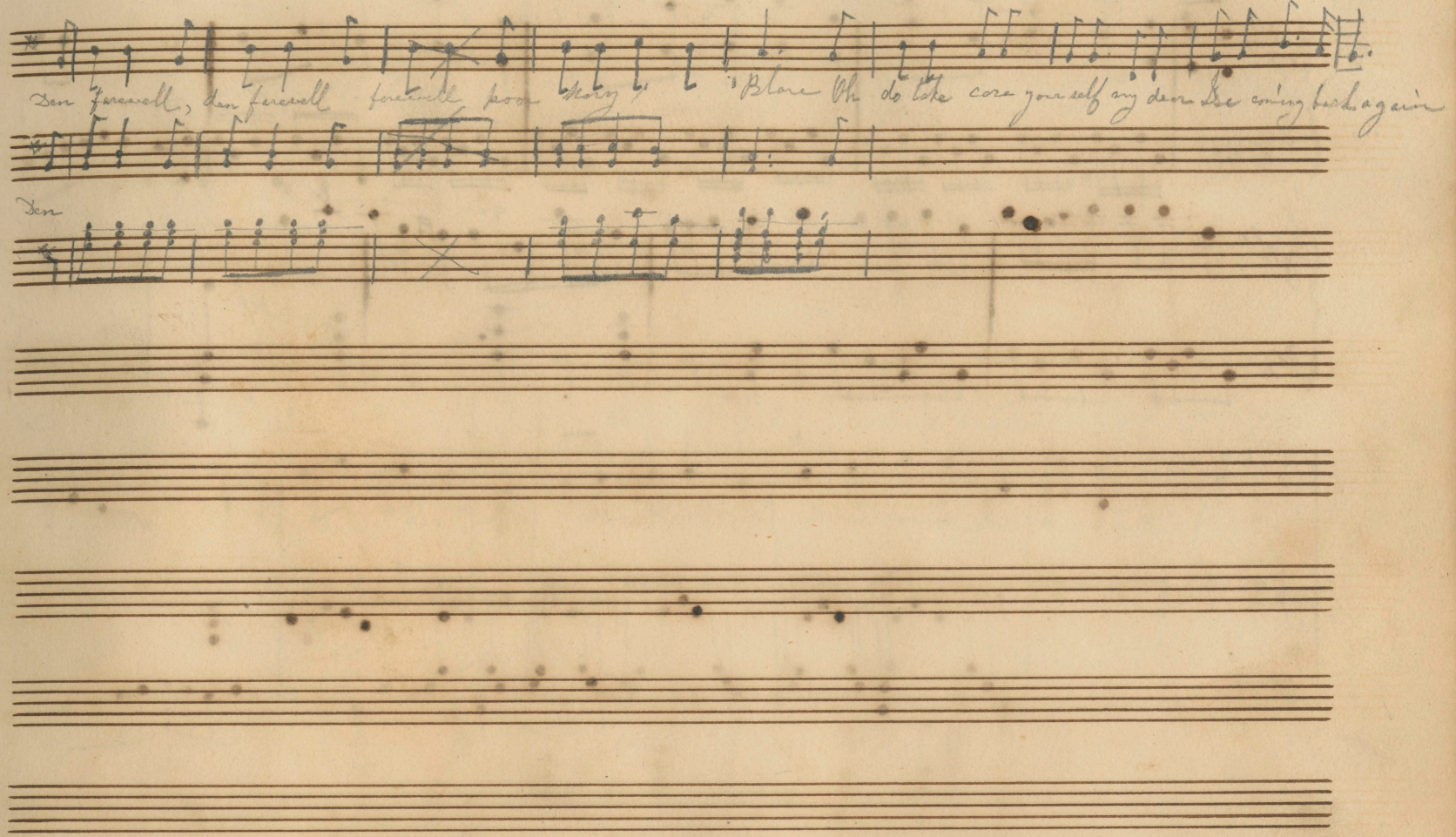


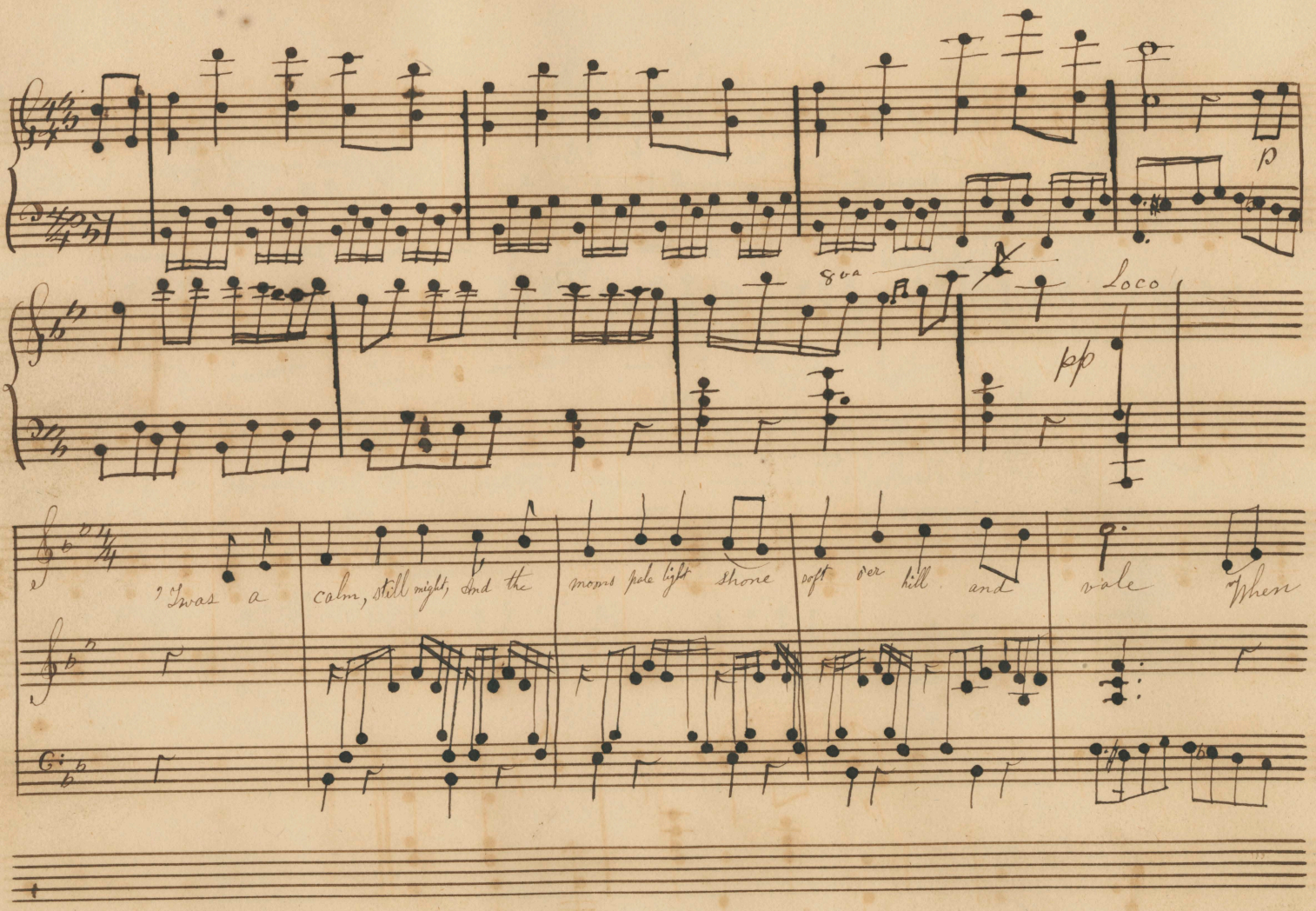
Home Sweet Home

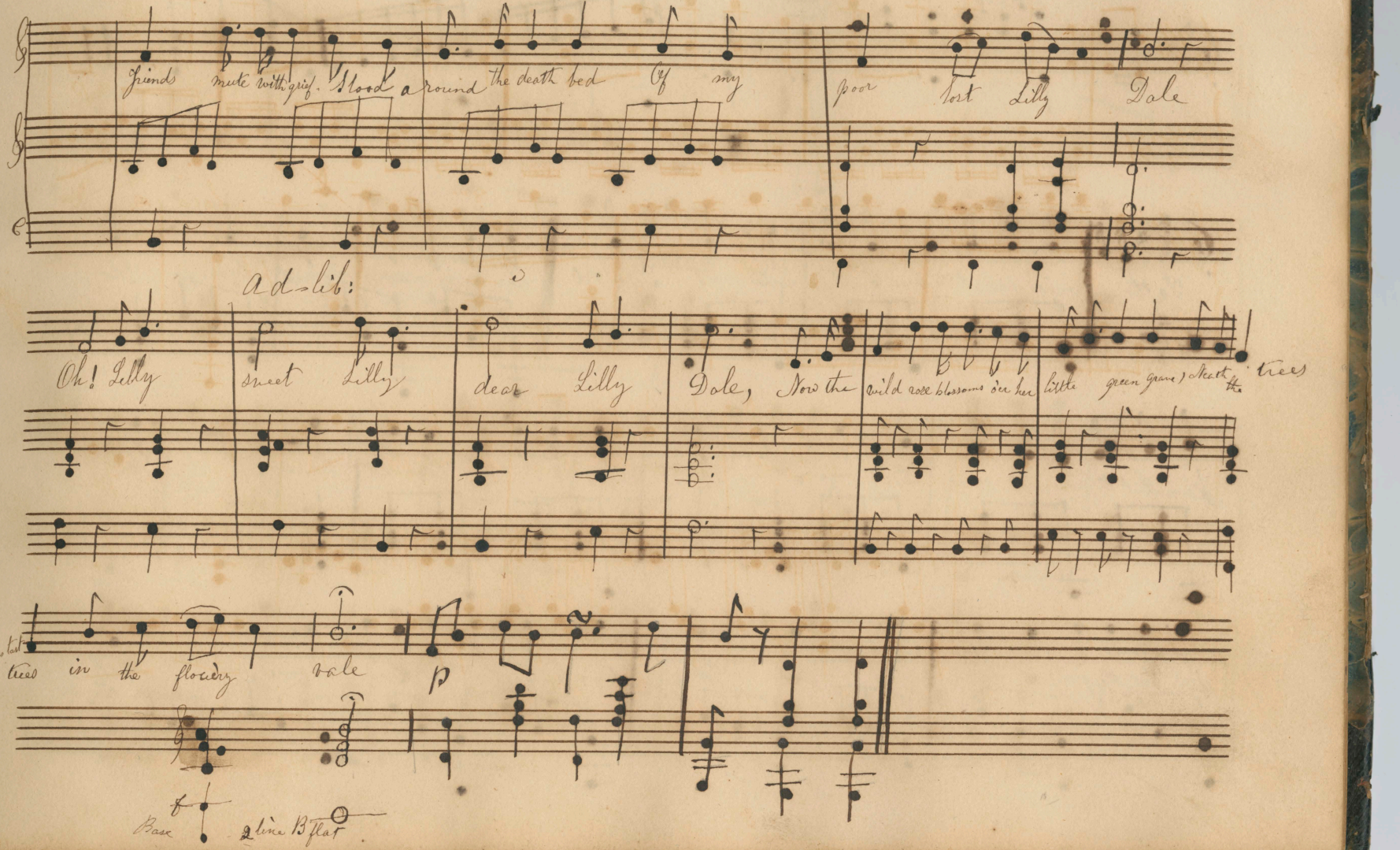


Mary Blane


When neg,gers meet,tis a pleasure, but when dey part tis pain I nebber knowd what was to lub till I saw Mary Blane

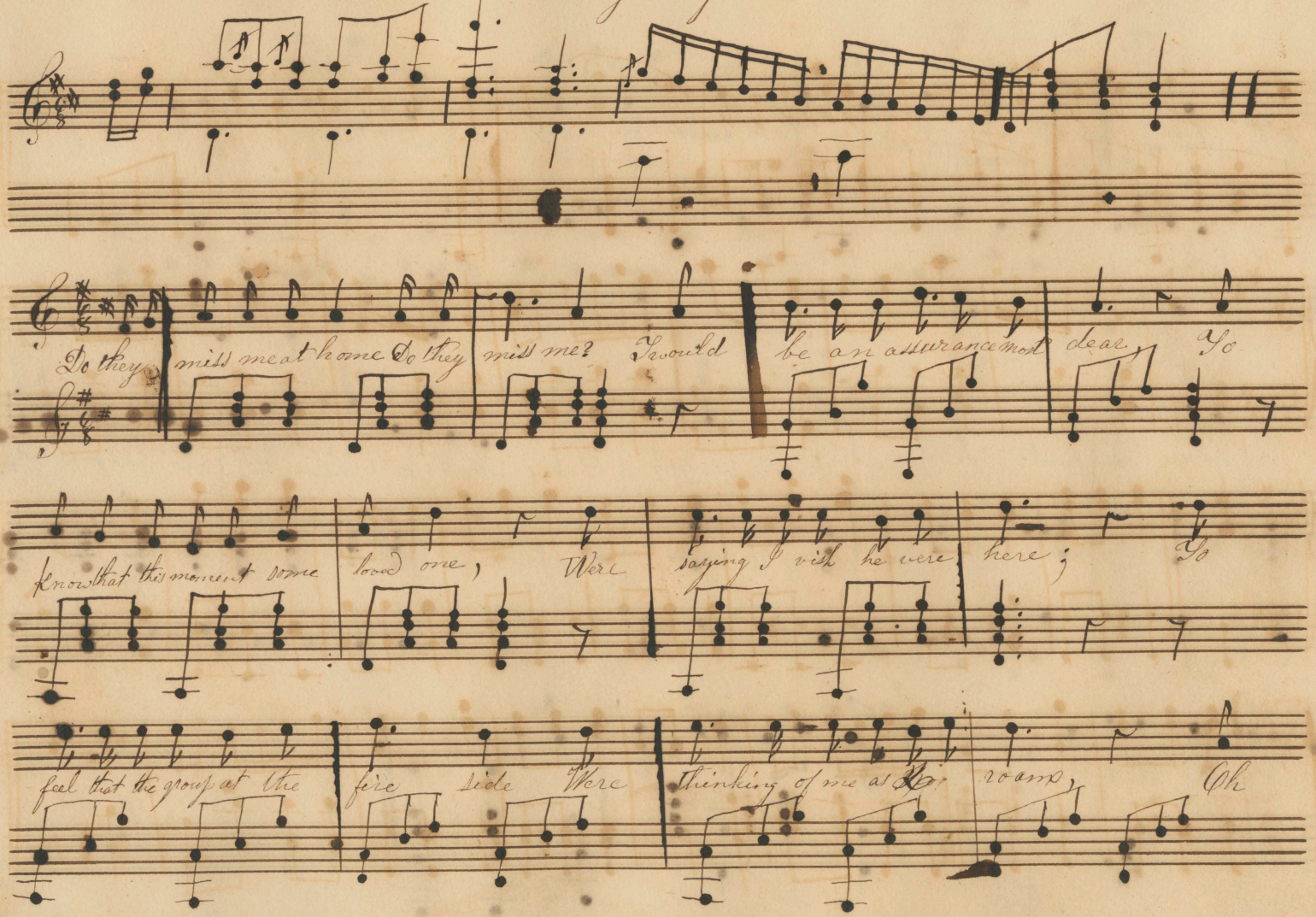

Den farewell, den farewell farewell poor Mary
Blanc Oh do take care your self my dear Dee coming back again
Den


p
8va
loco
pp
'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light shone soft o'er hill and vale When

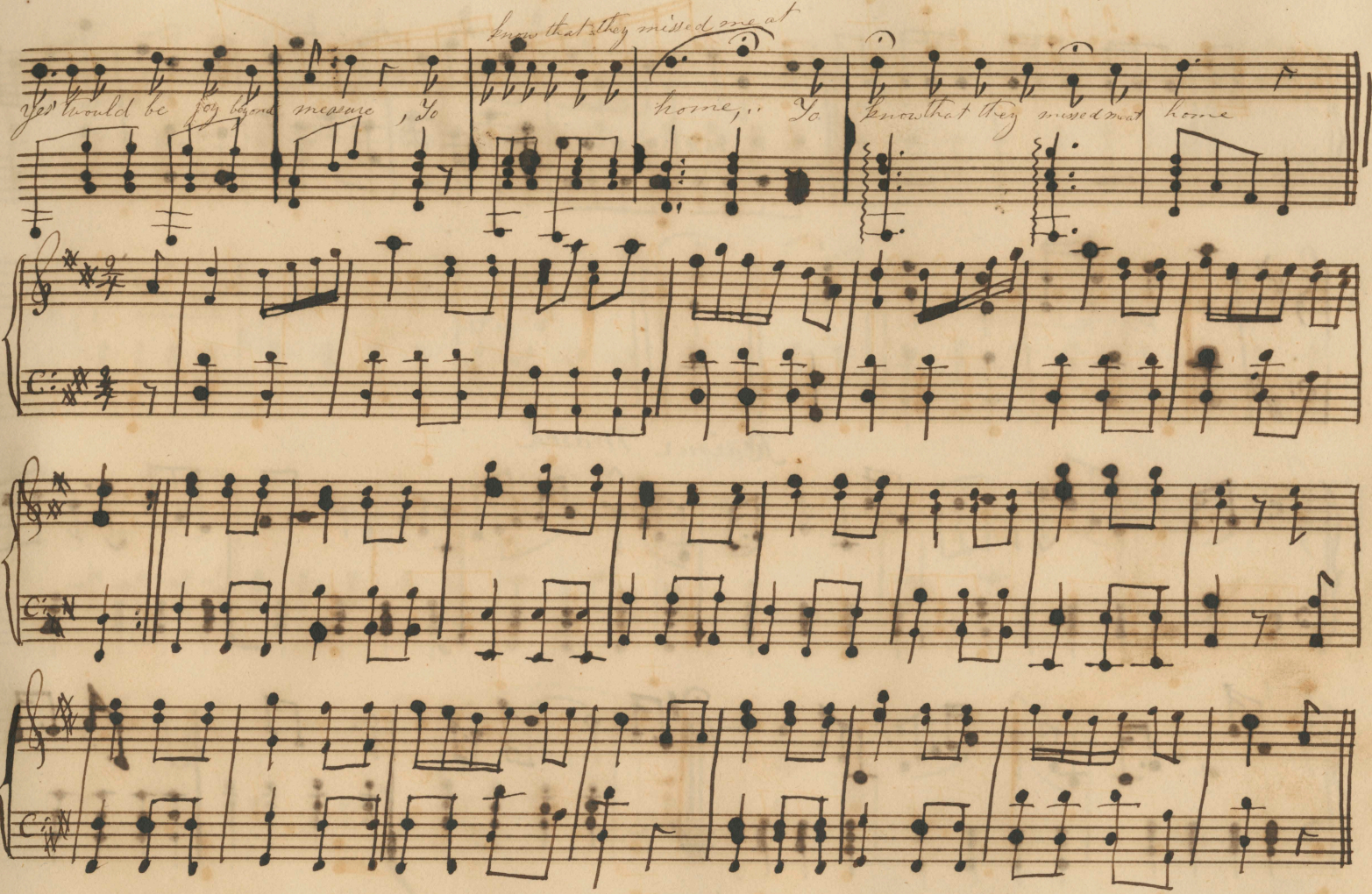

Friends mute with grief stood around the death bed Of my poor lost Lilly Dale
ad-lib:
Oh! Lilly sweet Lilly dear Lilly Dale, Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little green grave 'neath the trees
same as last
tread in the flowery vale
Bass 2 line B flat

Do They Miss Me at Home

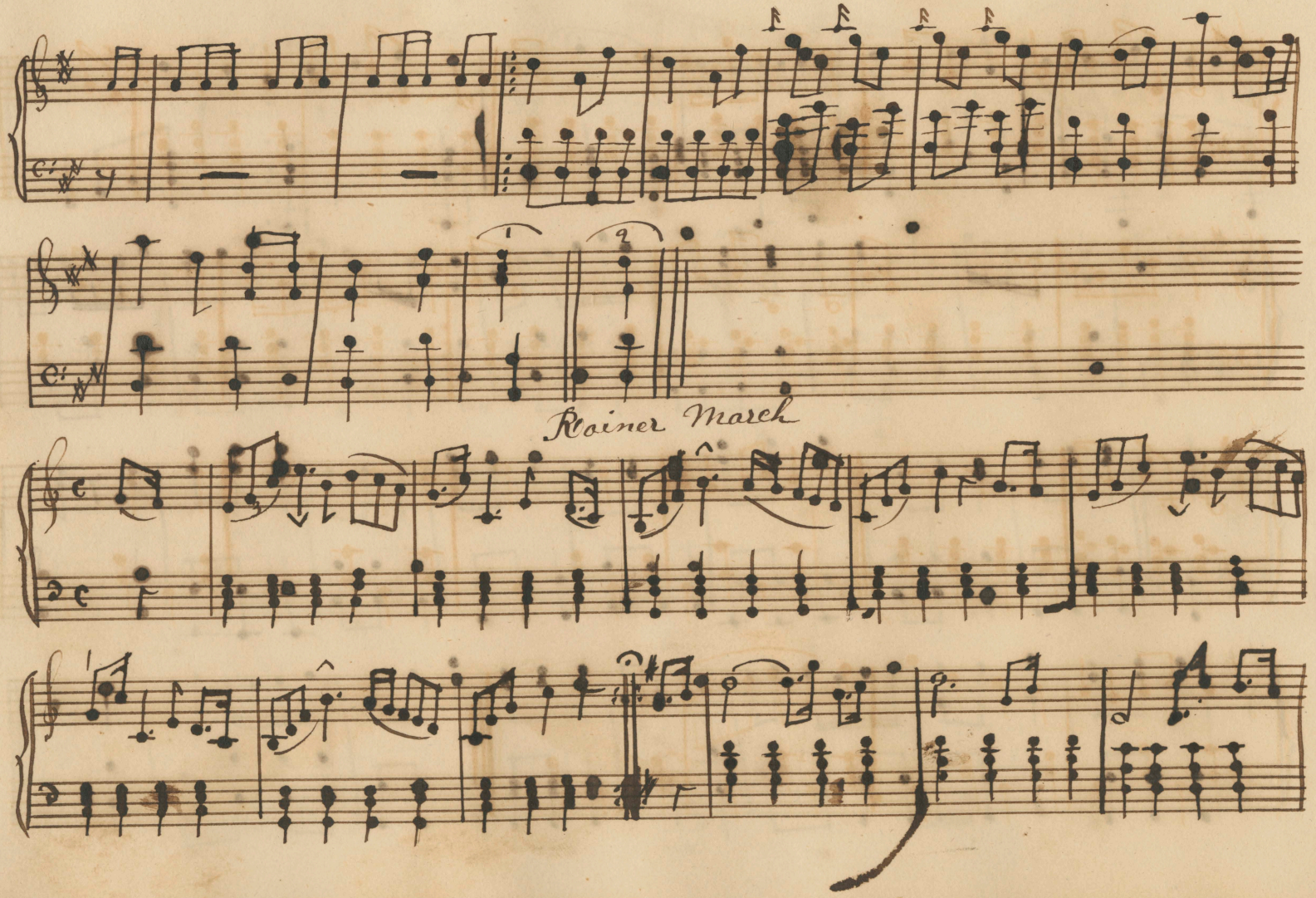
Guitar



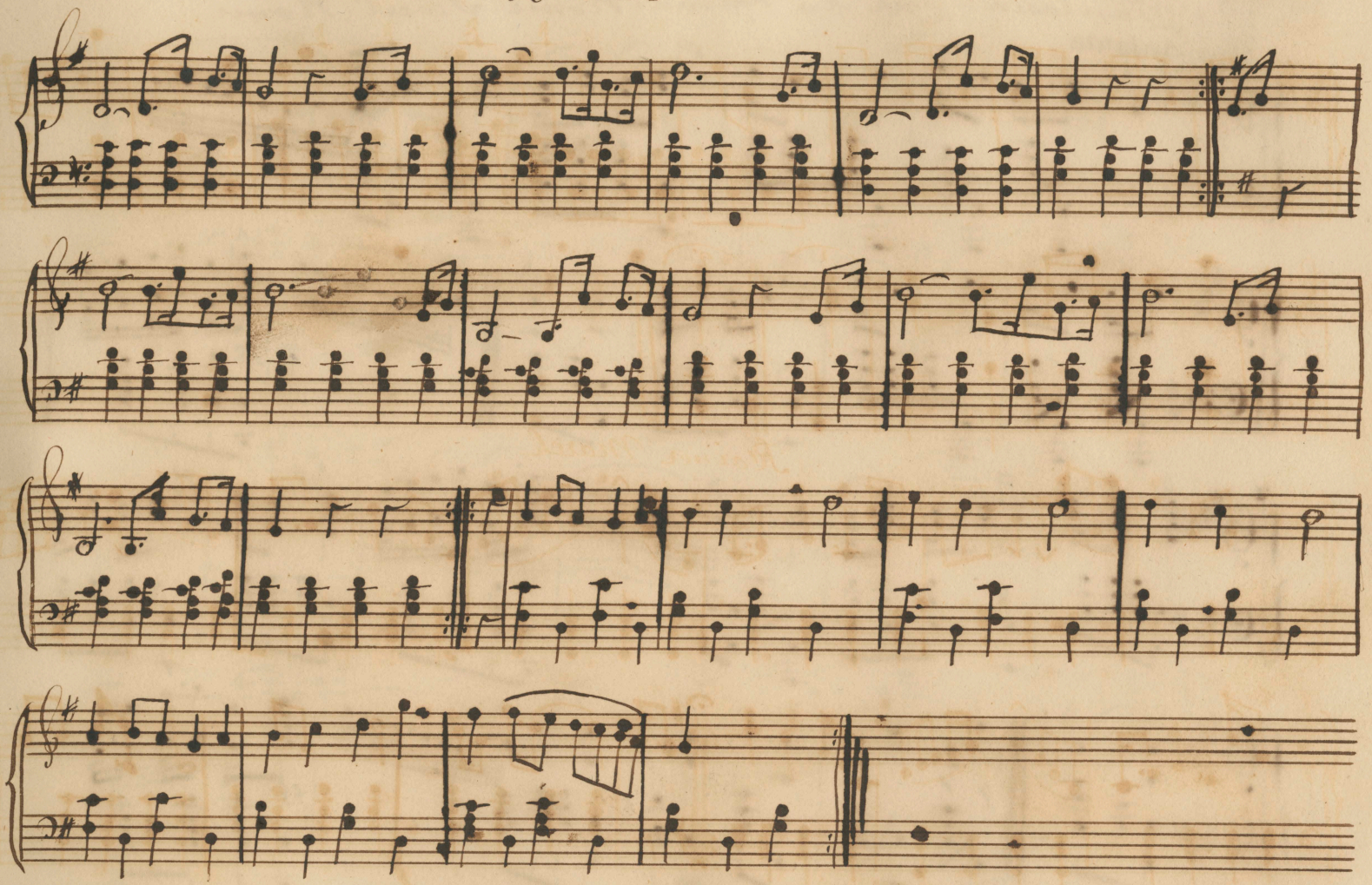
Mountaineers Chorus



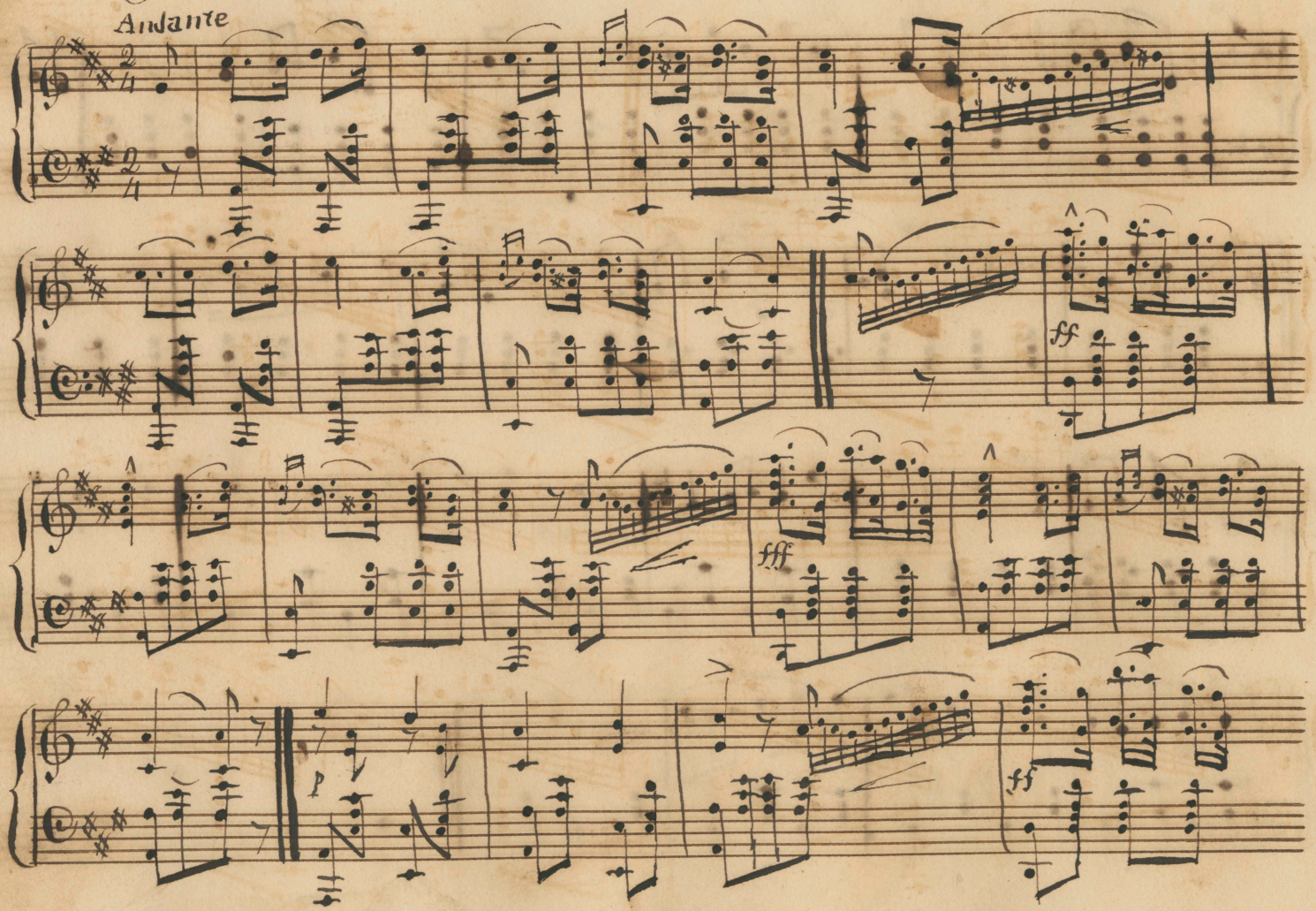
Huntsmans Concluded

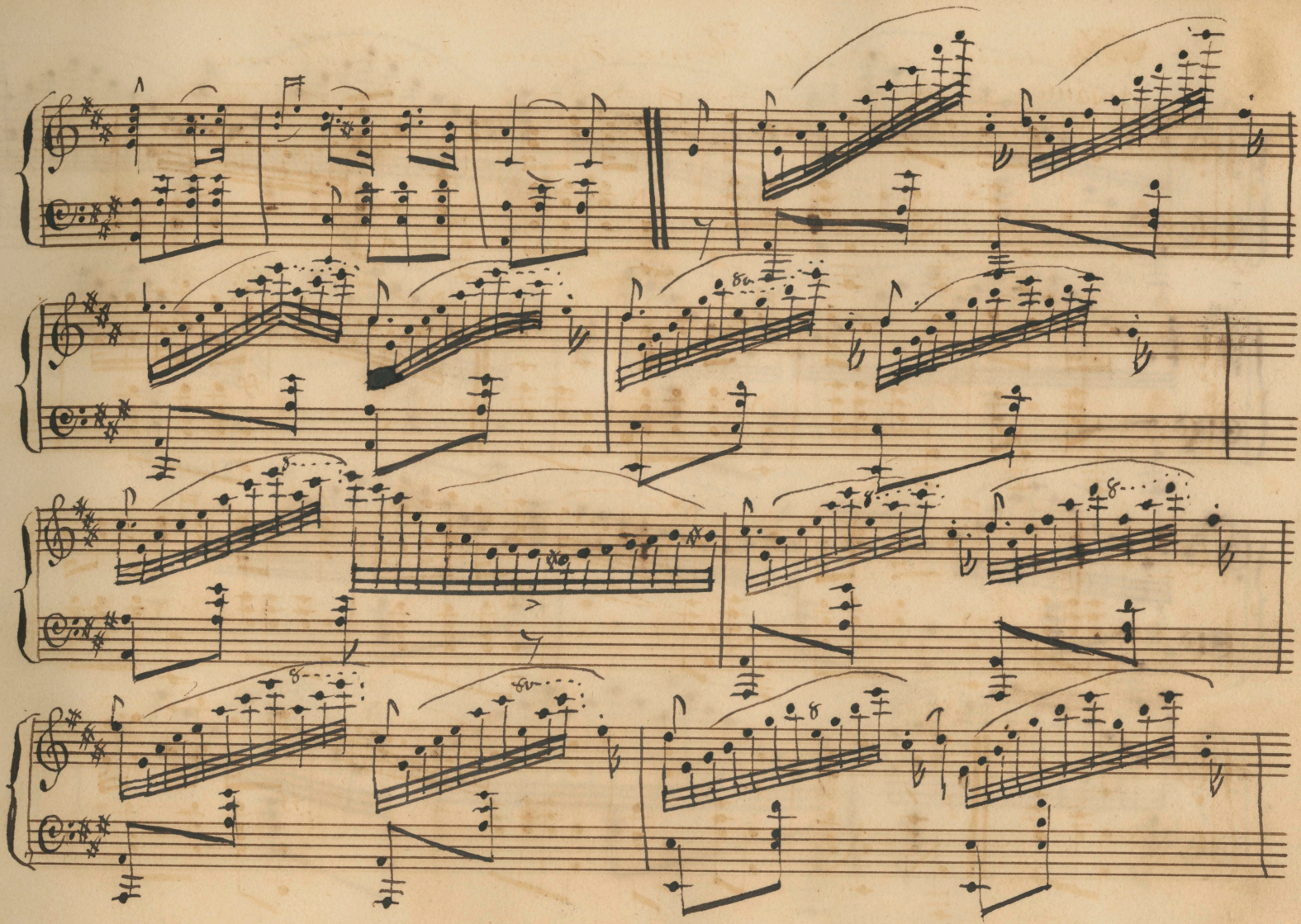

Rainer March

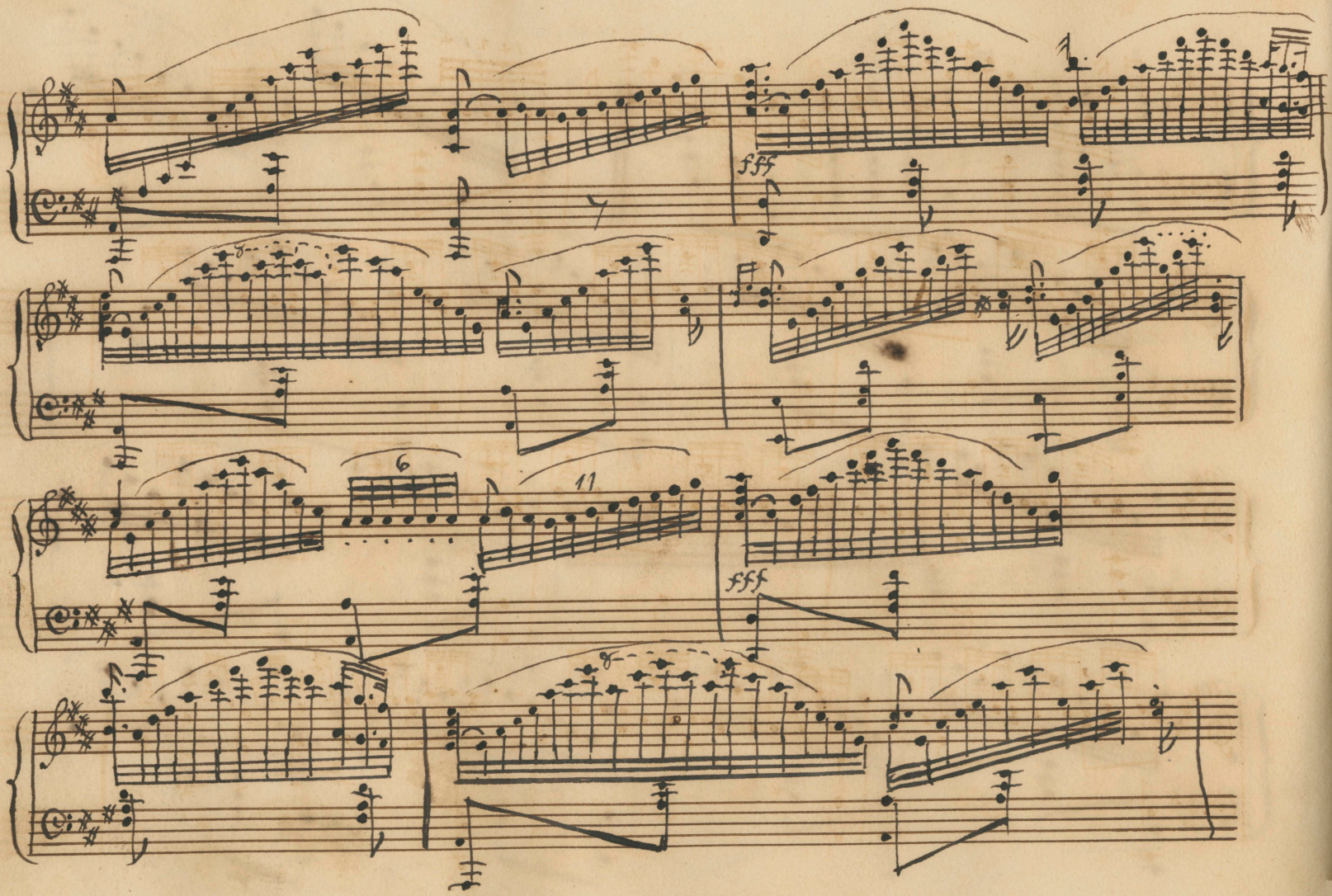
Bainer March concluded

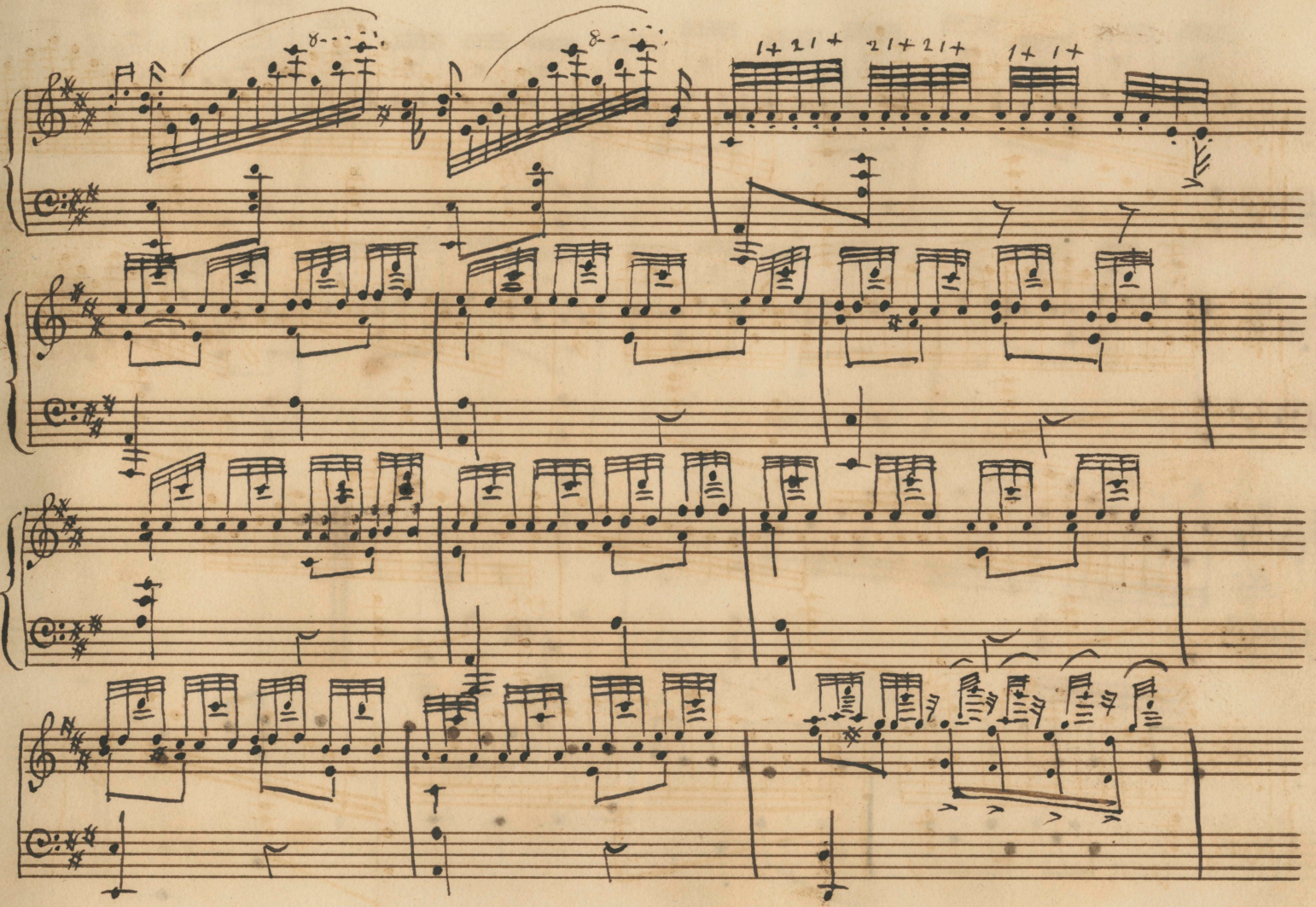


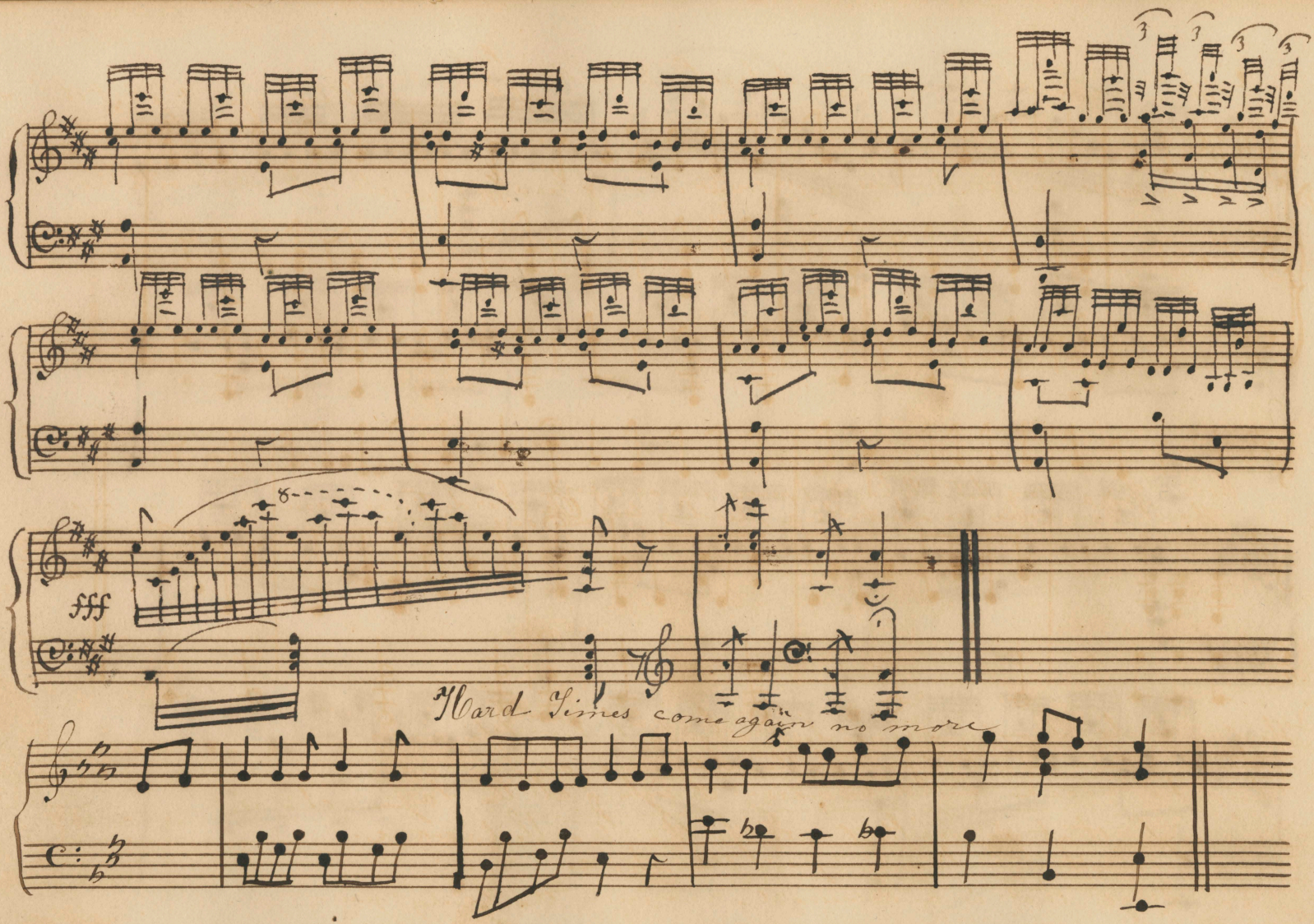
Fantasia sur la Thema Home Sweet Home



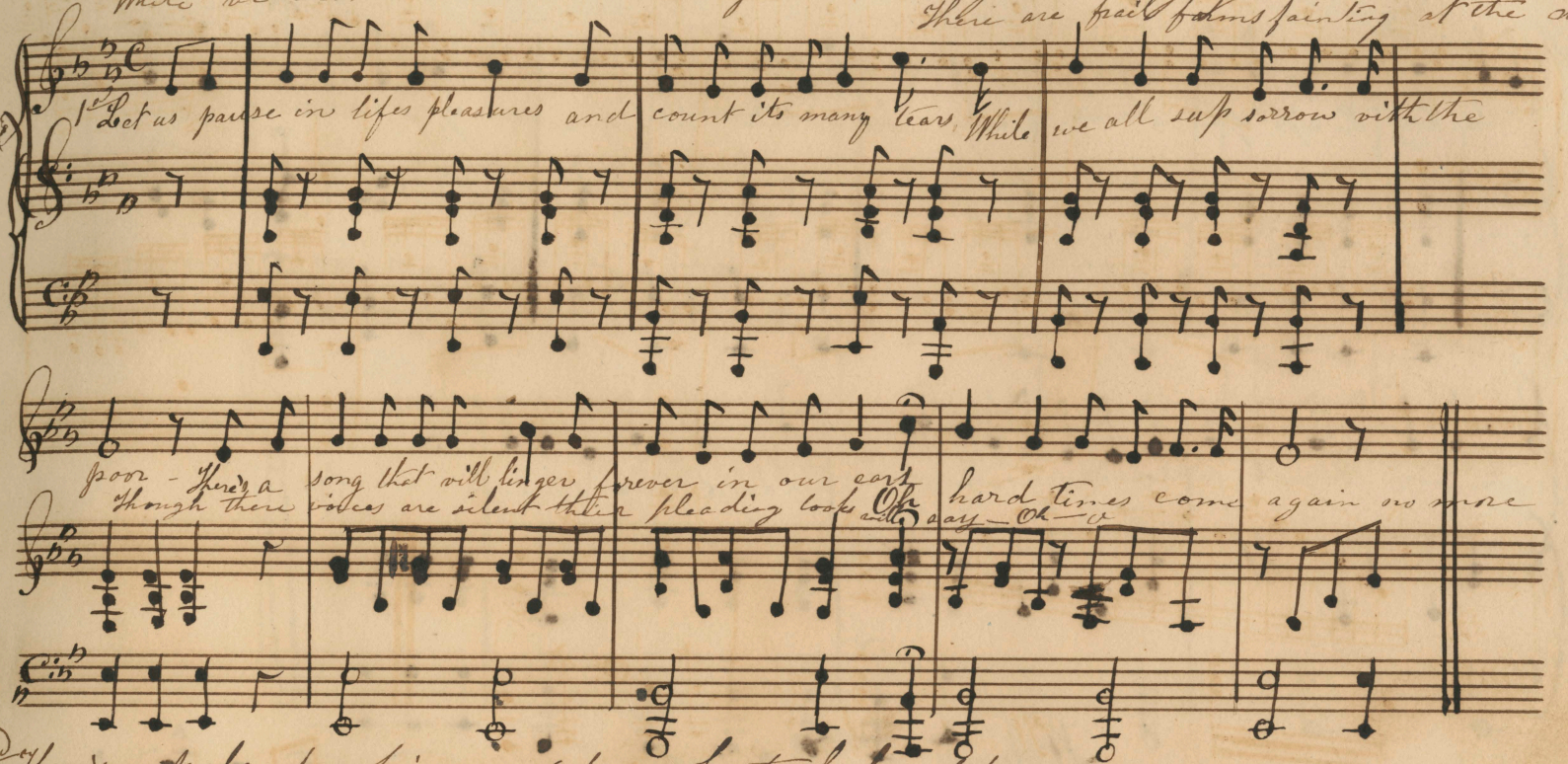



fff
6
11
fff


8
8
1+ 21+
21+ 21+
1+ 1+

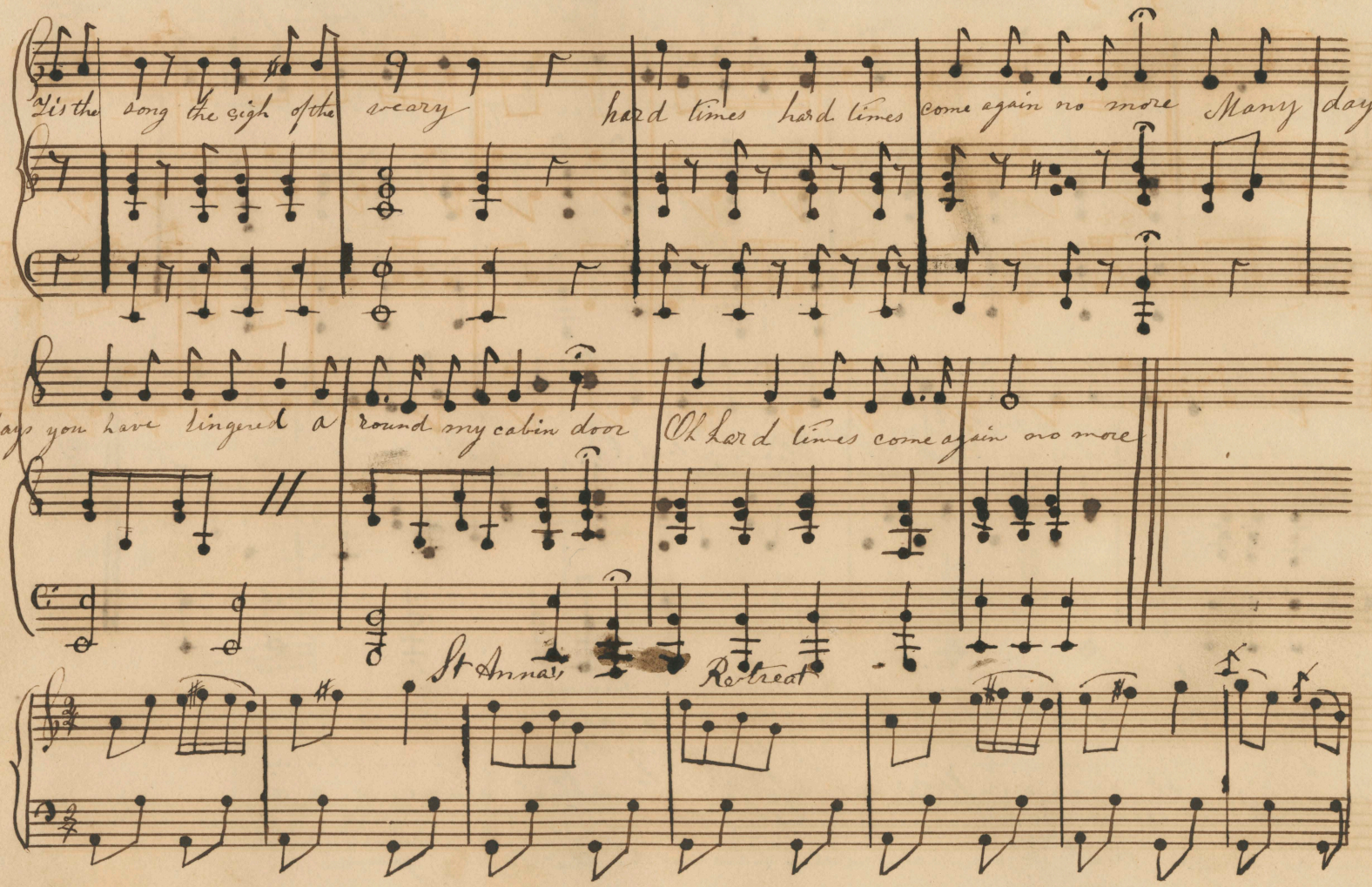

fff
Hard Times come again no more

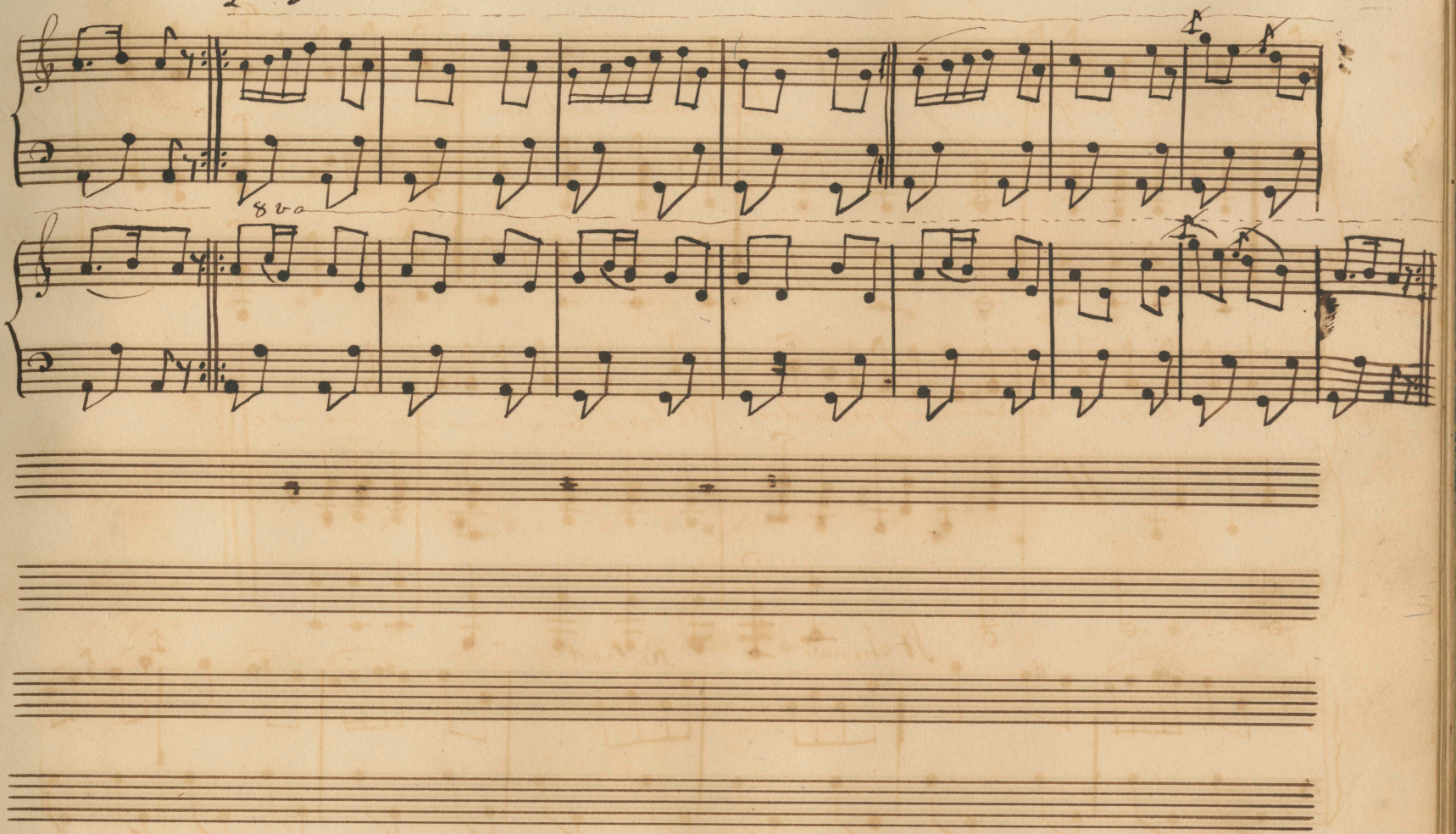
2nd While we seek mirth and beauty & music light and gay
There are fair forms fainting at the door



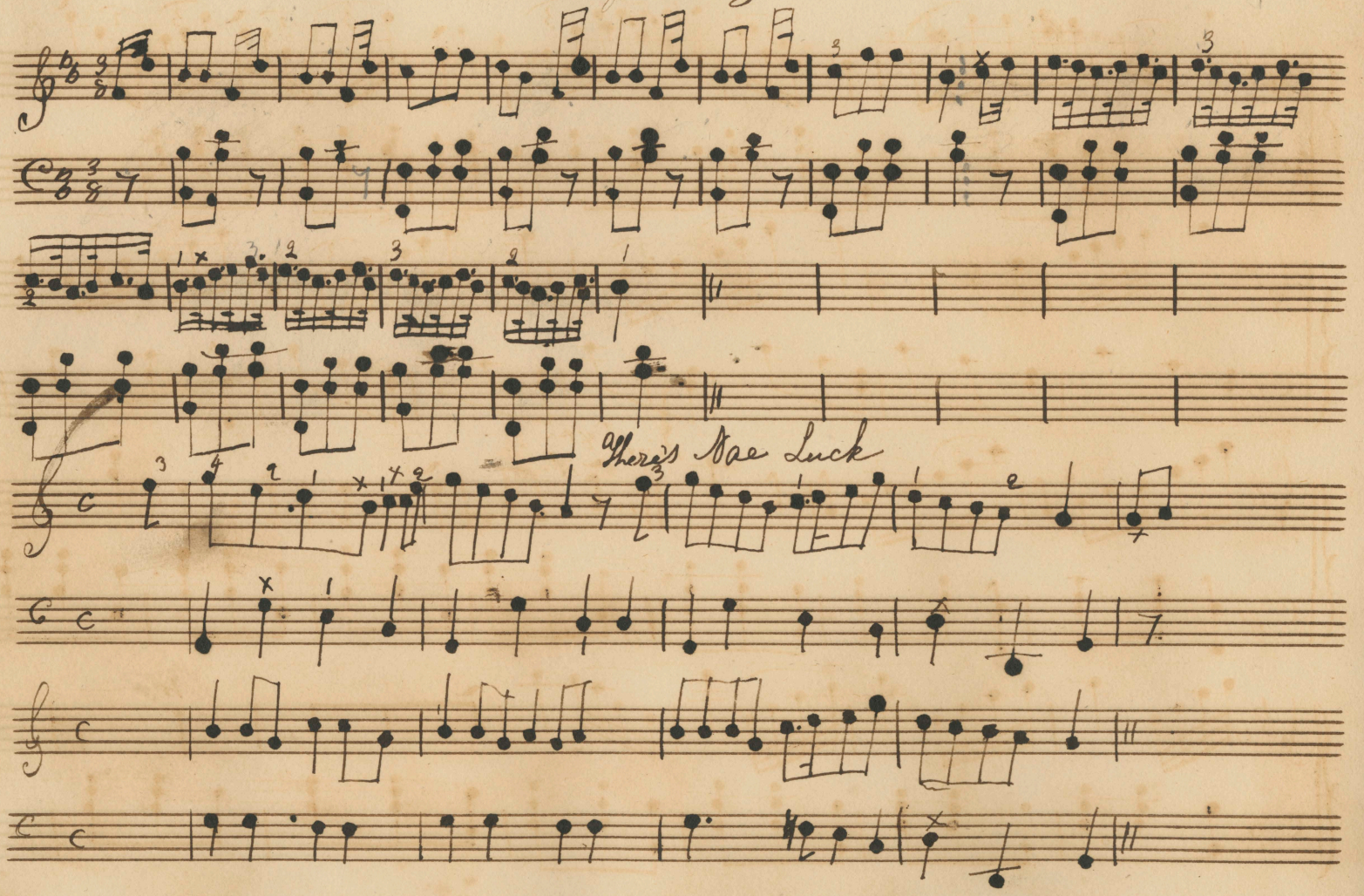
3rd There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er
Though her voice would be merry 'tis sighing all the day — Chorus

4 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave
Oh - hard times come again no more

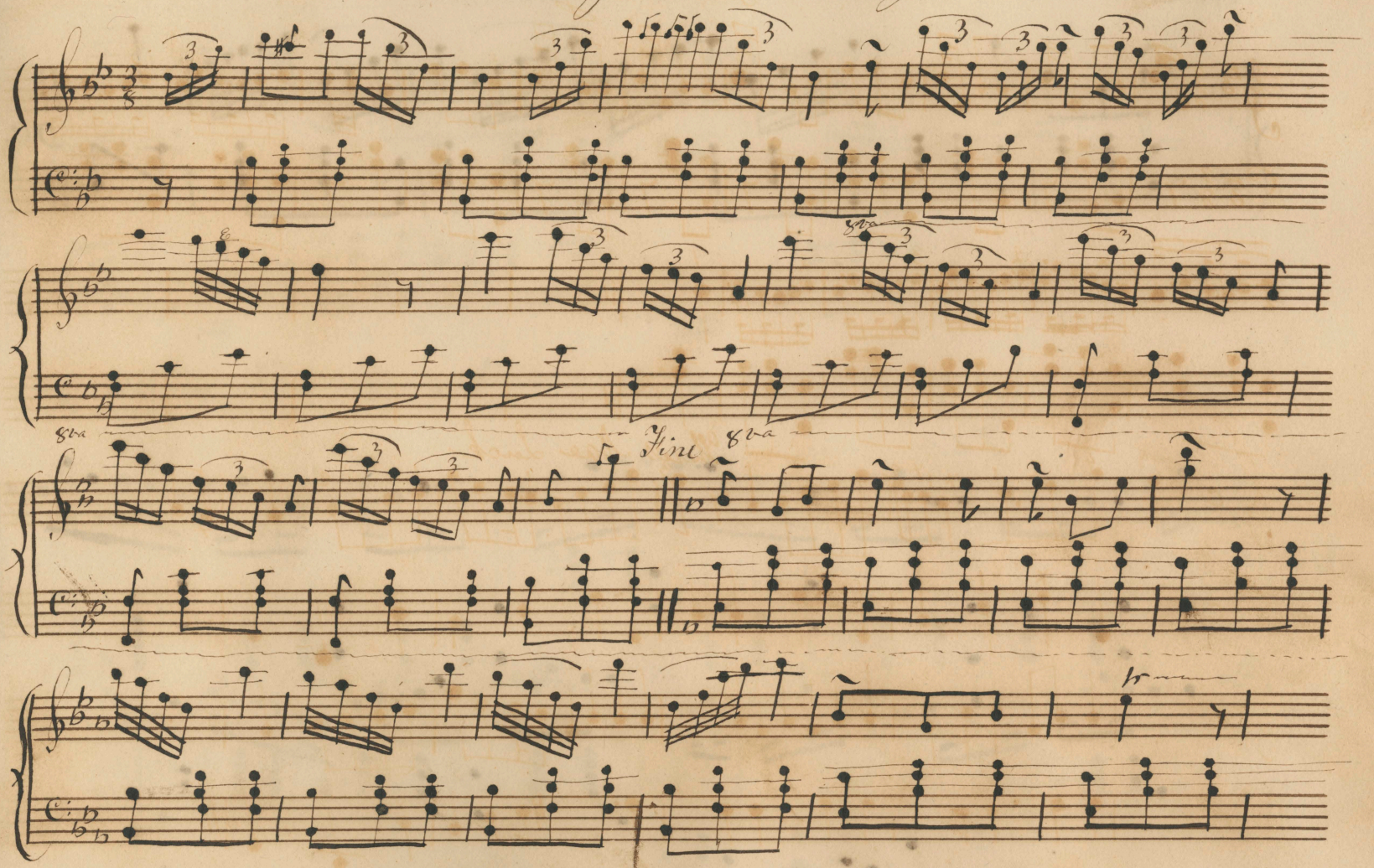

'Tis the song the sigh of the weary
hard times hard times
come again no more Many days
days you have lingered a
round my cabin door
Oh hard times come again no more
St Anna's
Retreat

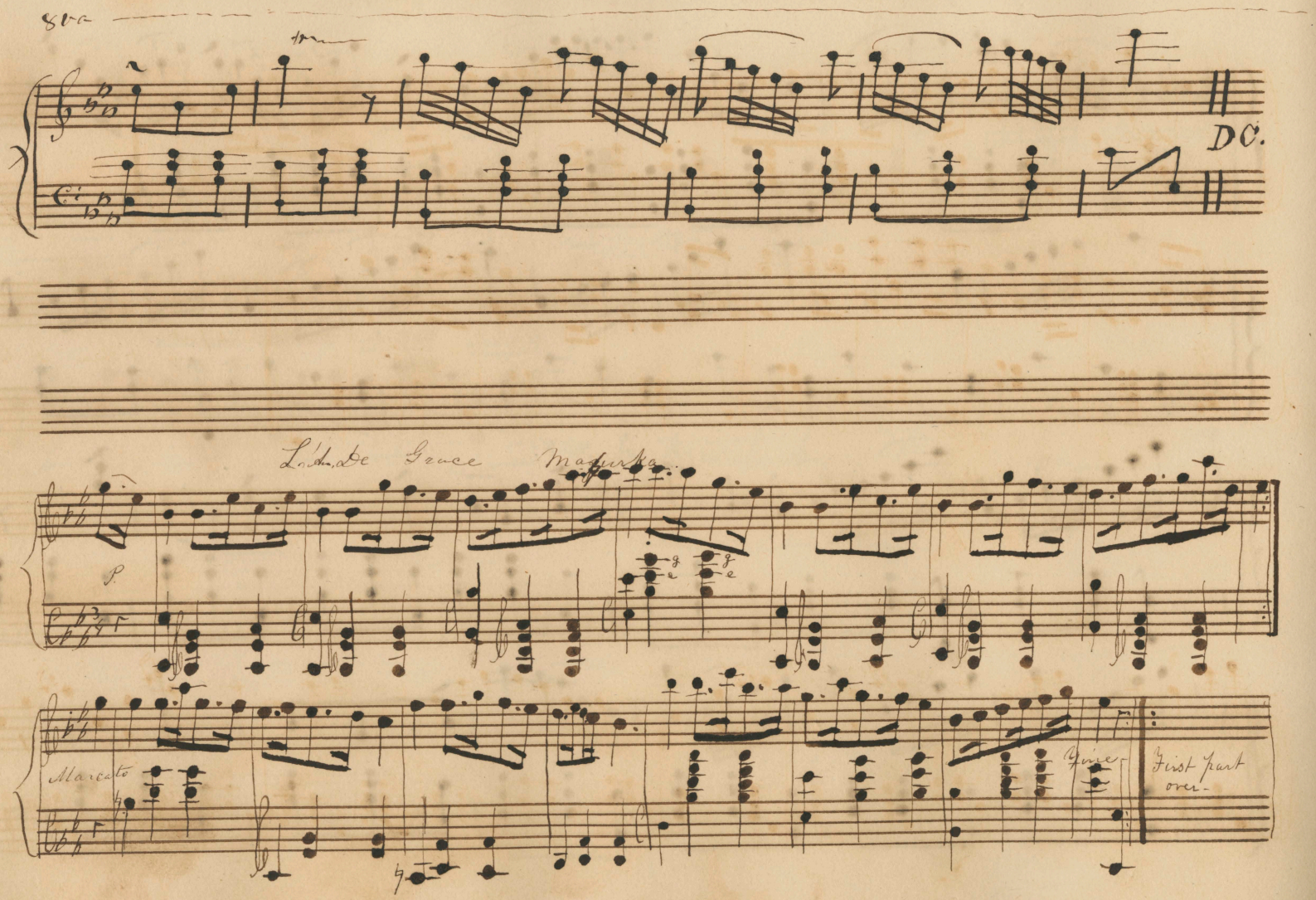

2nd & 3 – times 8va
8va

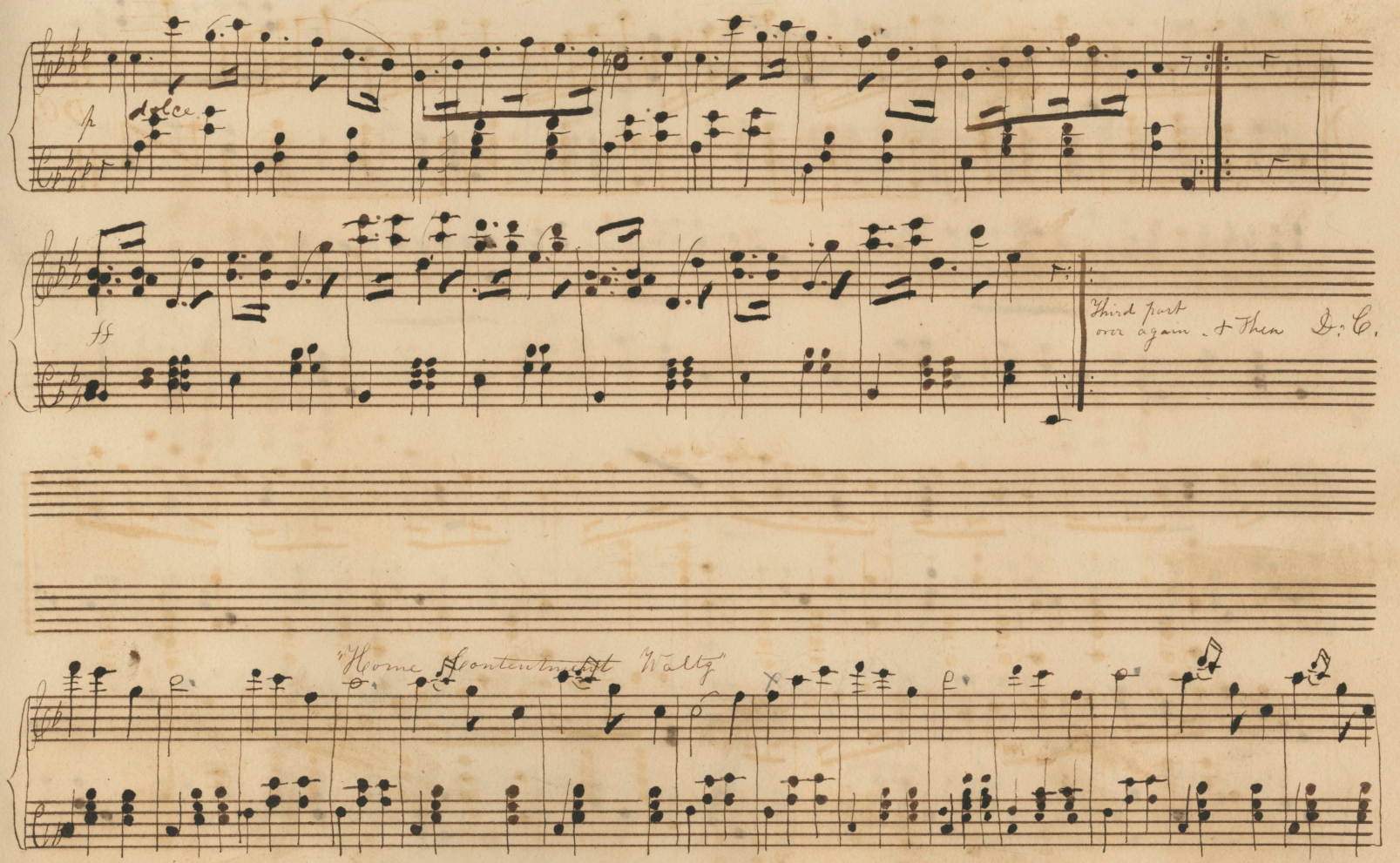
Swiss Waltz

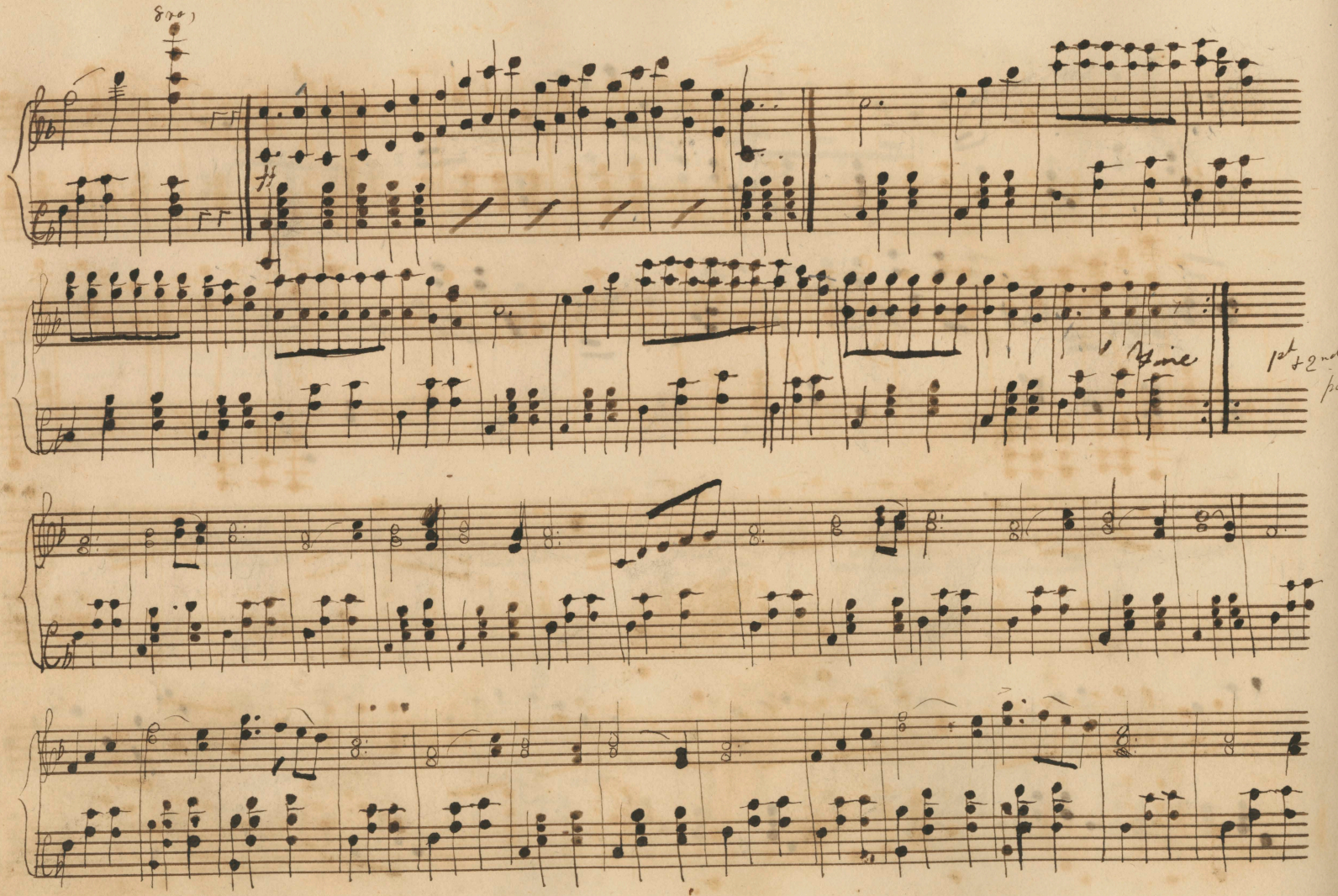


Mocking Bird Waltz

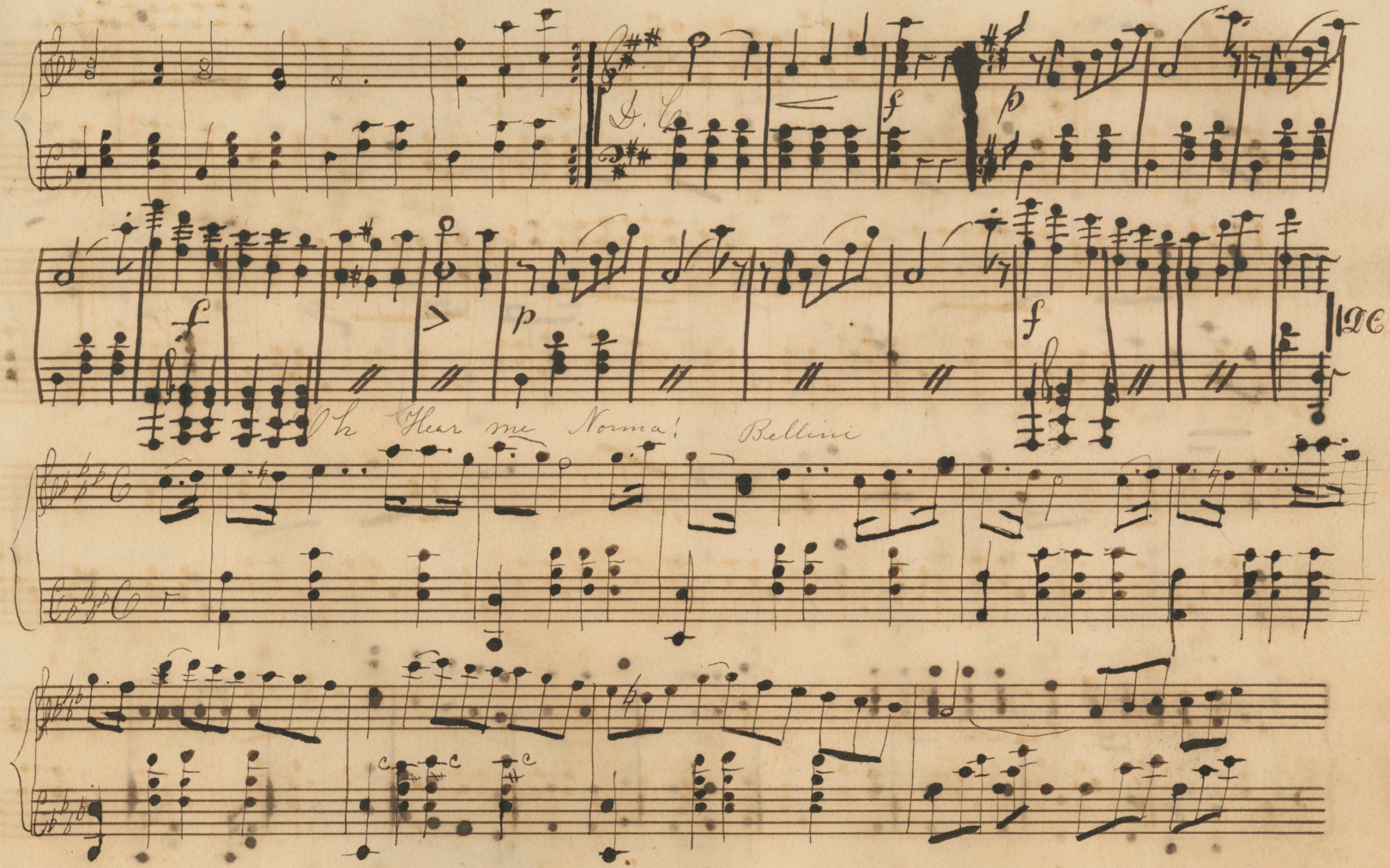


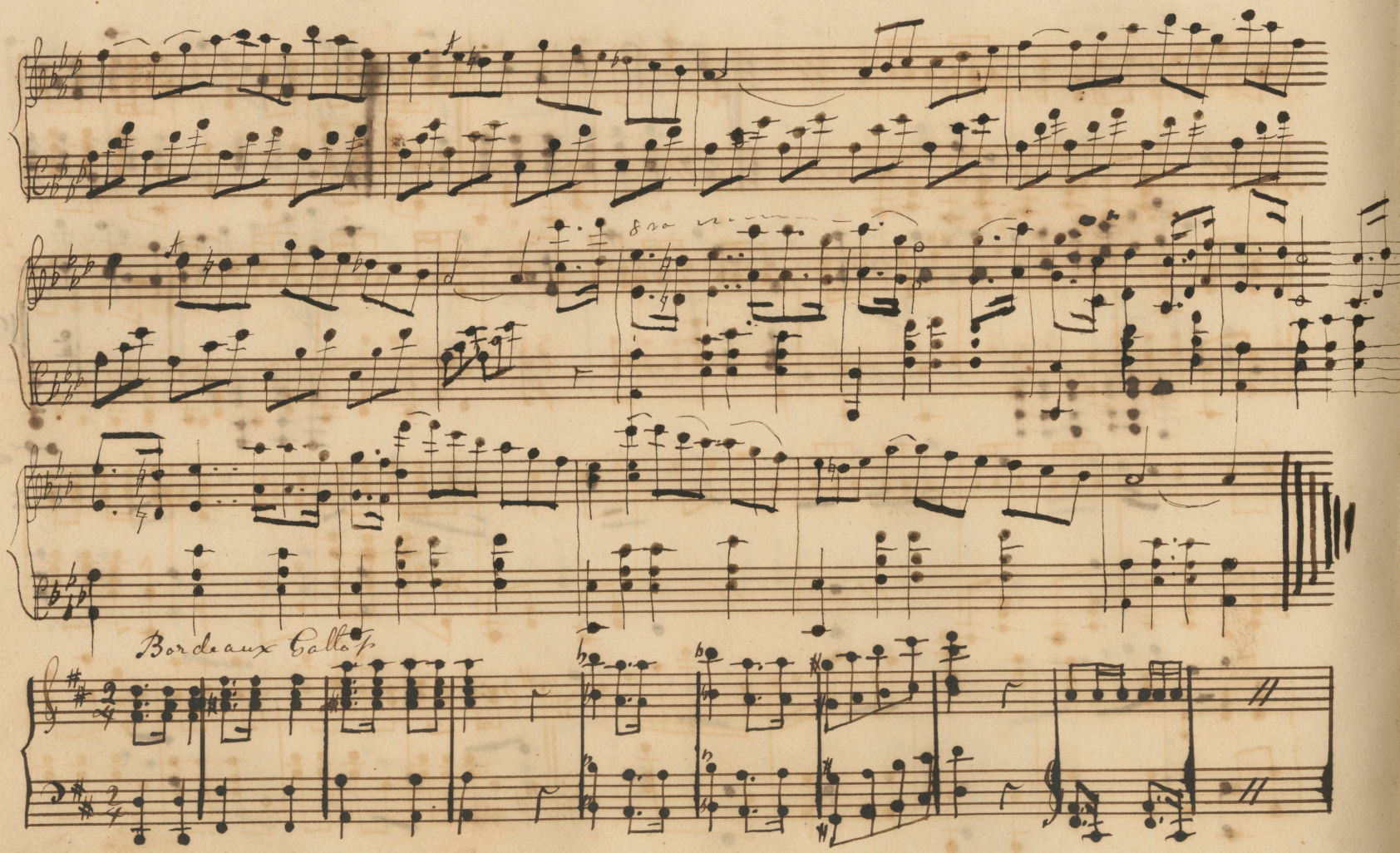

8va
DC.
L'Ar. De Grace Mazurka
p
Marcato
Fine
First part over


p dolce
ff
Third part over again + Then D. C.
"Home Sweet Home" Waltz

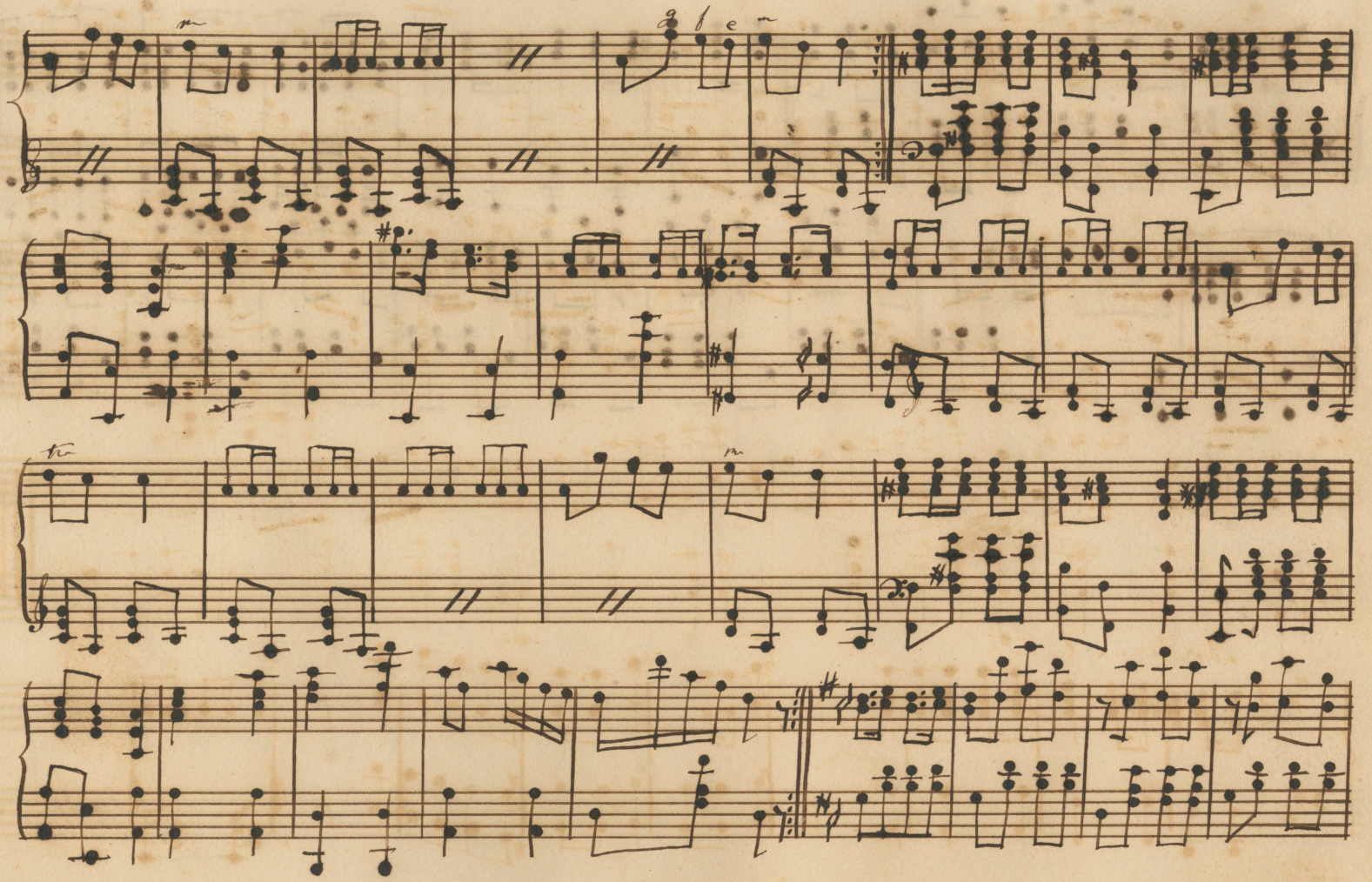

8va
Fine
1st & 2nd parts over.

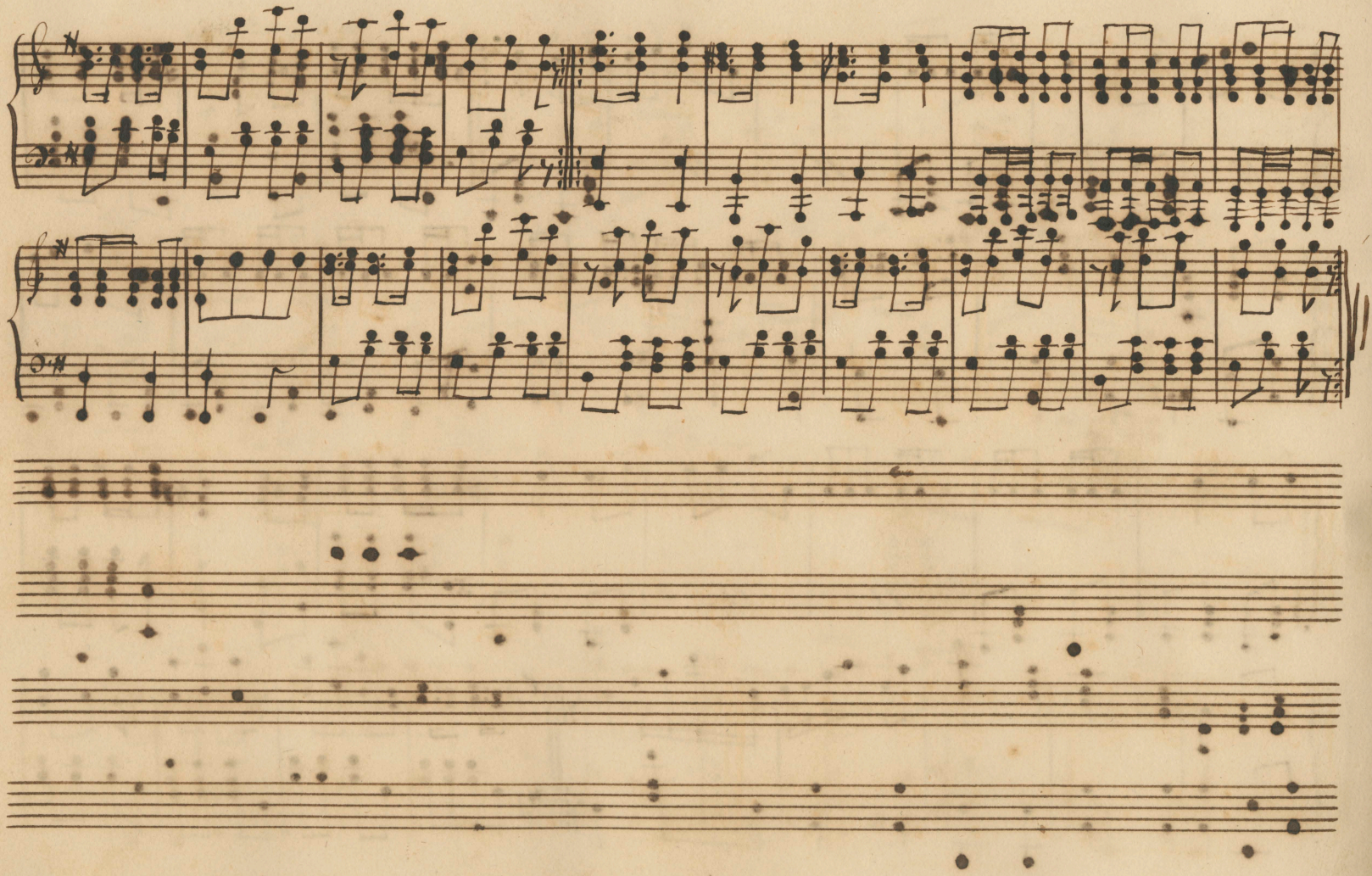
Leon Waltz



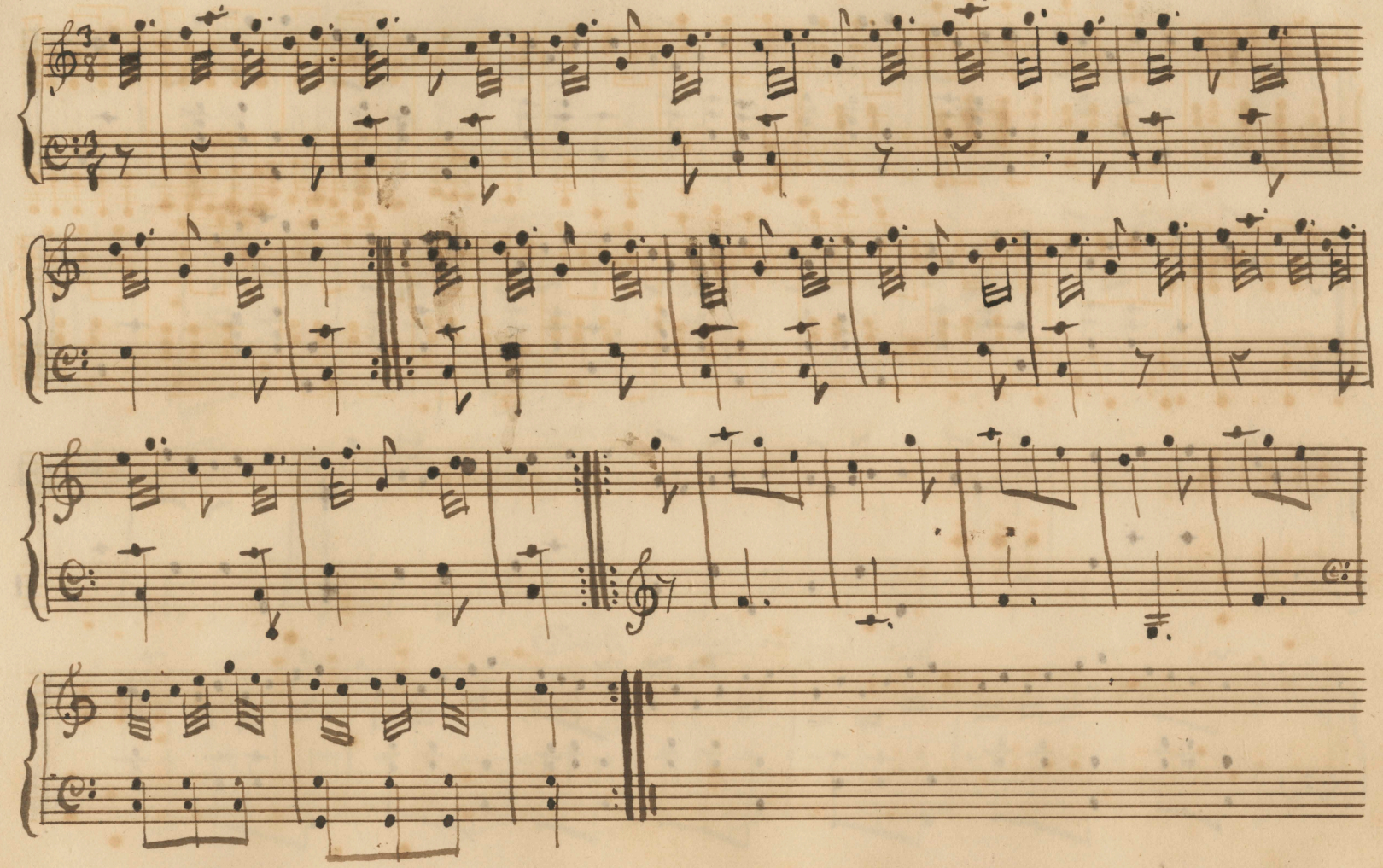

Bordeaux Gallop

Bordeaux Gallopade.

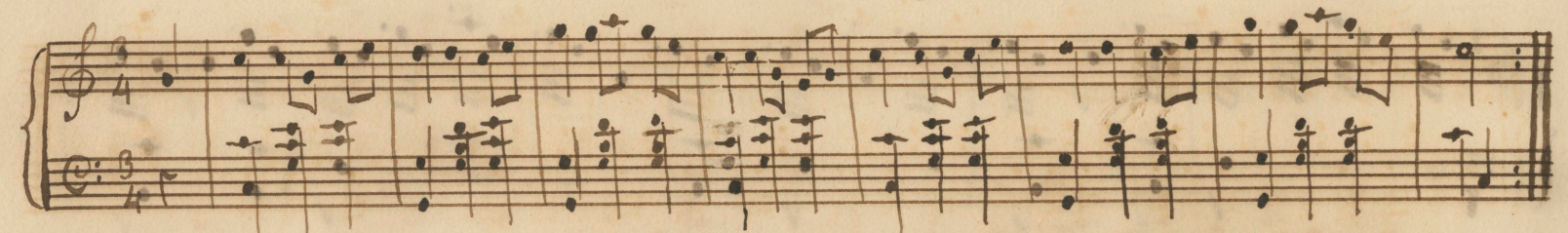


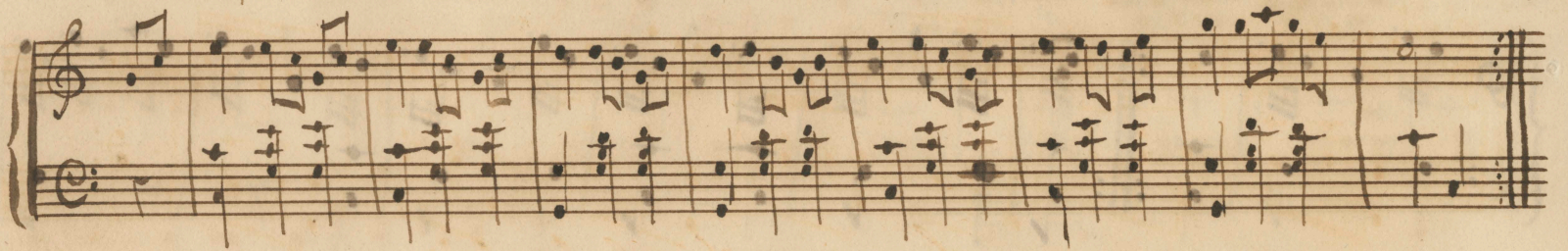


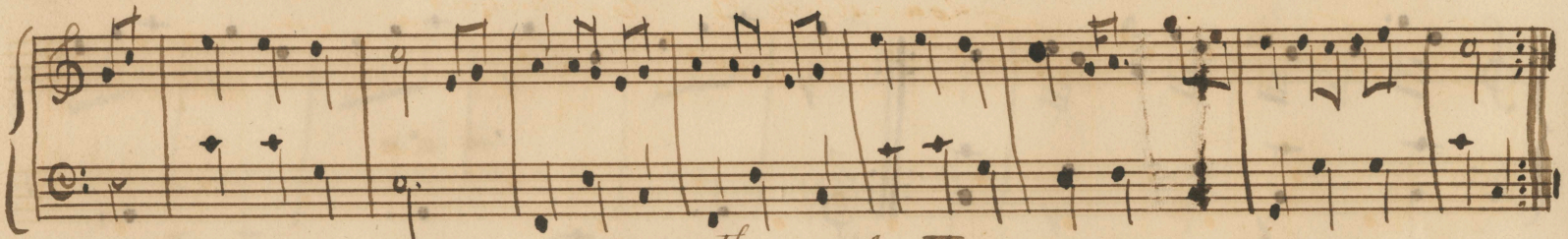
Copenhagan Waltz



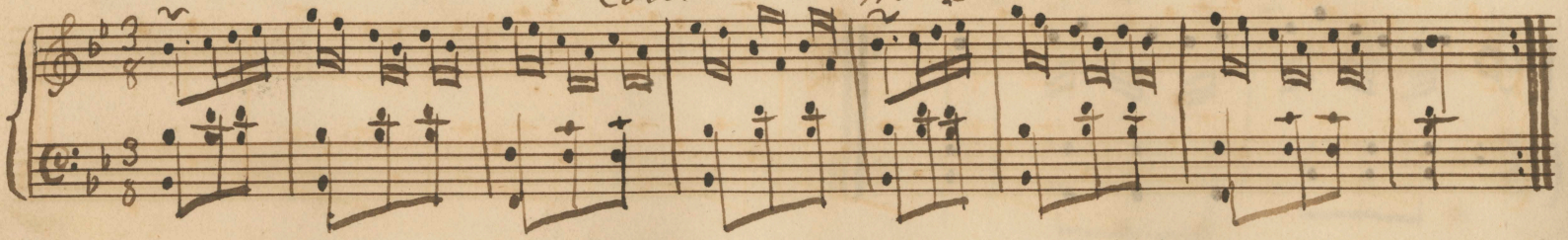
Creole Waltz

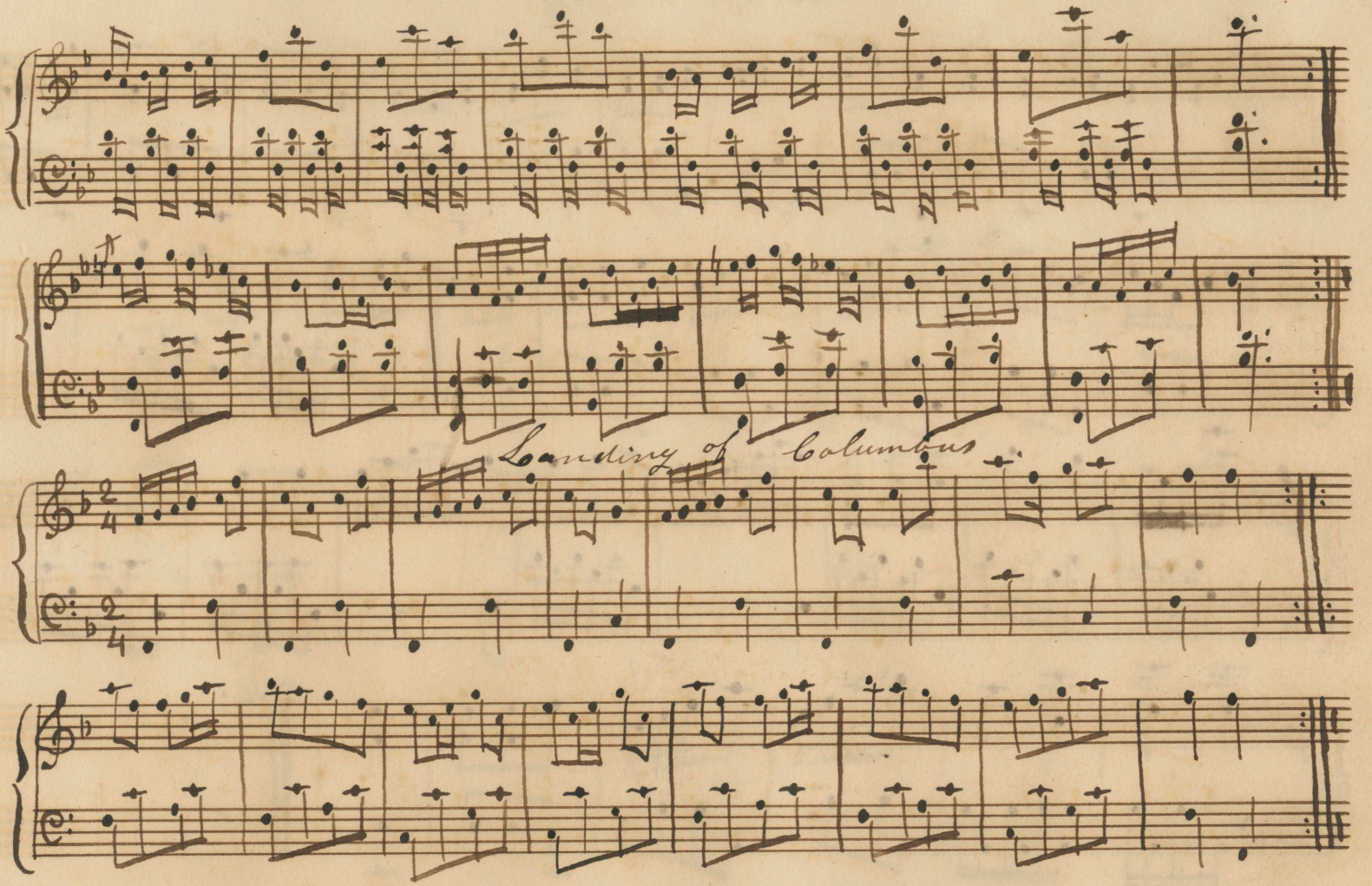




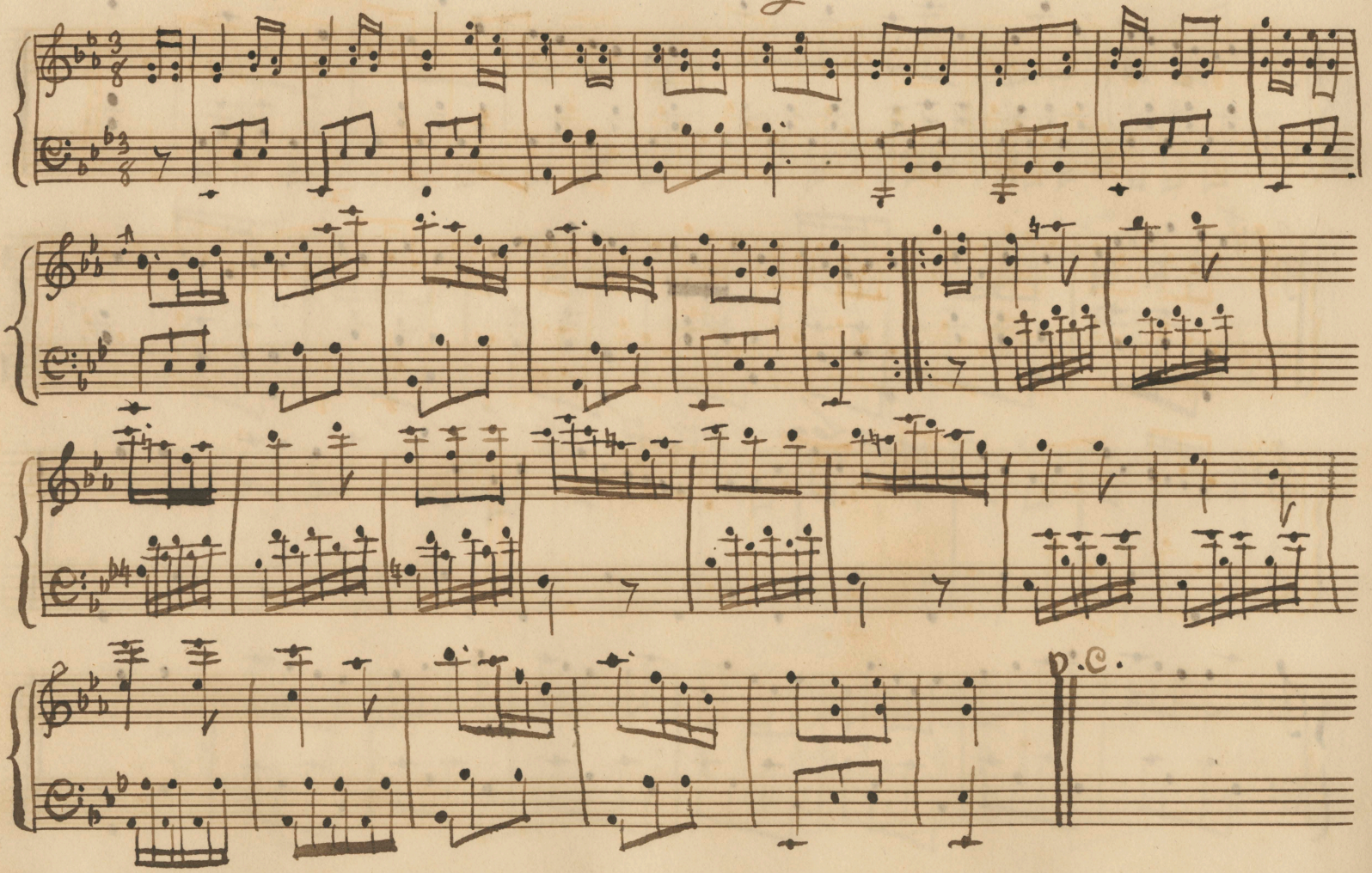


Corinthian Waltz

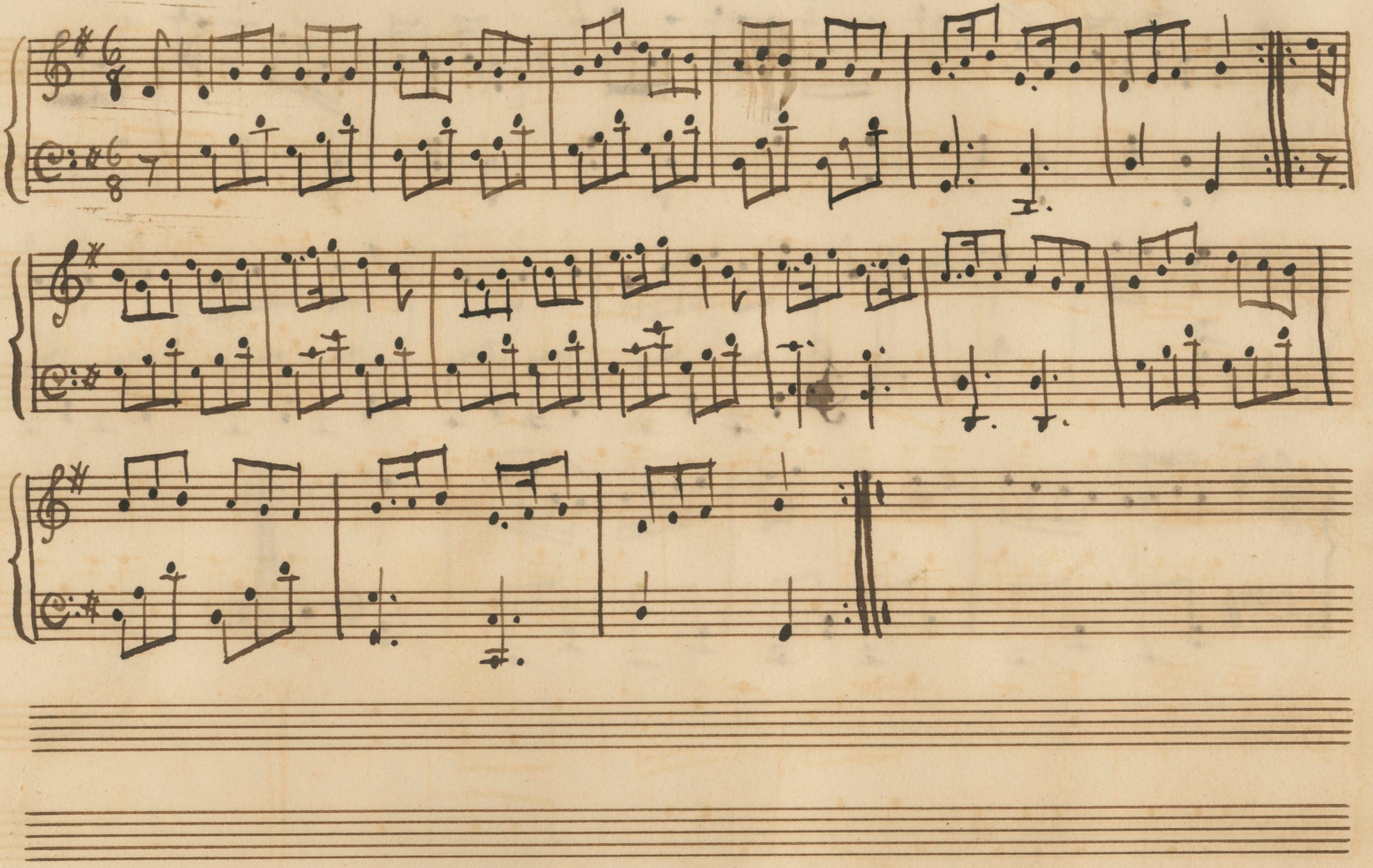



Landing of Columbus

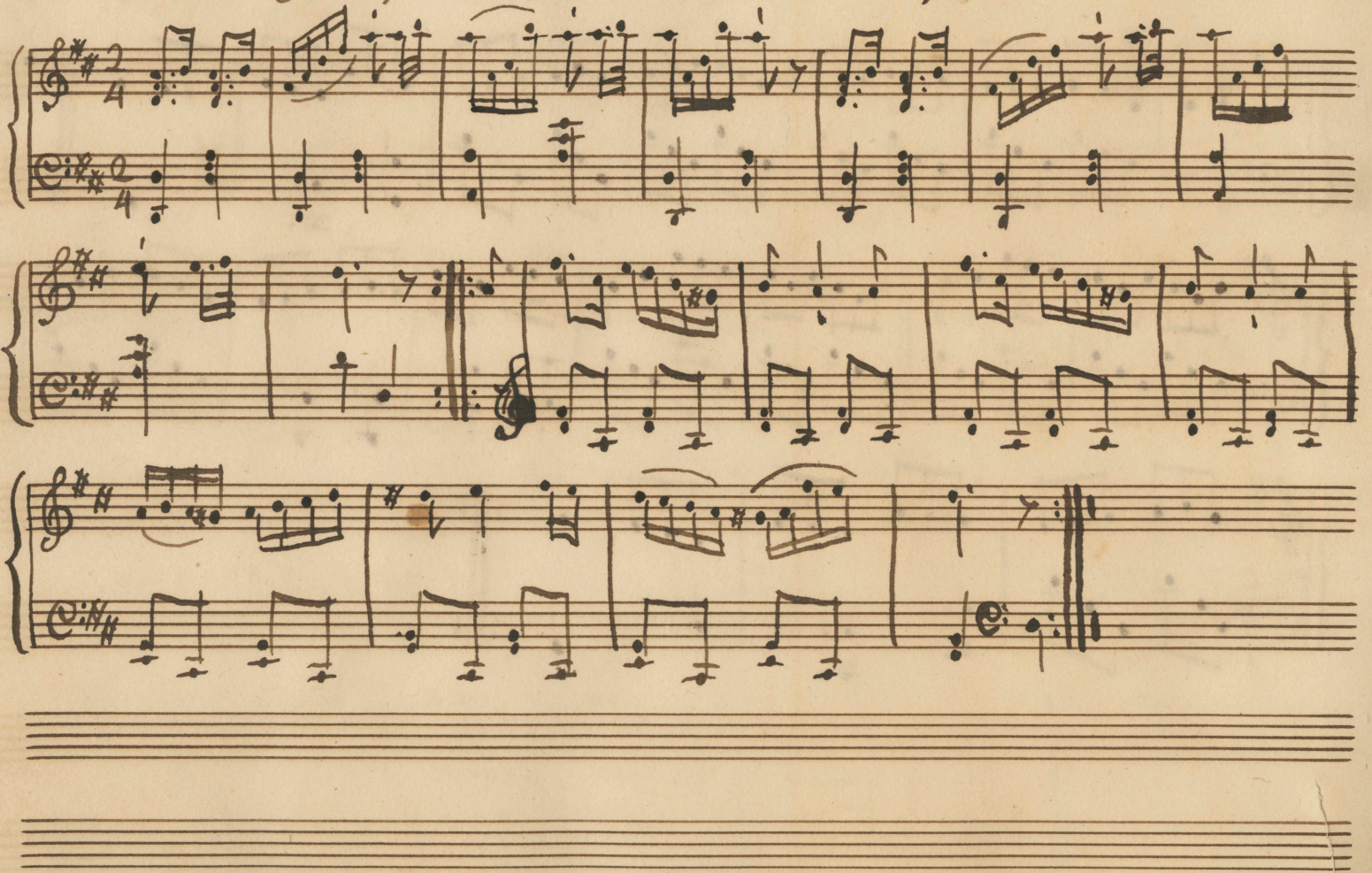
River Waltz



Sprig of Shelaly



Gallopade from the Opera of Emile



They told me not to Love him.

Poetry by W. S. Gallagher.
Music by C. Thomas, Cincinnatti.

From page 16.

Verse 3

They told me to discard him!
They said he meant me ill—
They darkly spoke of fiends that lure
And smile, and kiss, and—kill!
I all in heeding heard them—for
I knew it could not be
That one so false as they thought him,
Could be so dear to me—

4

But they forced me to discard him!
Yet I could not cease to love—
For our mutual vows recorded were
By Angel hands above.
He left his boyhood's home and sought
Forgetfulness afar;
But memory—and he fought,
And fell, in glorious war.

5

He dwells in heaven now—while I
Am doom'd to this dull earth:
Oh! how my sad soul longs to break
Away, and wander forth.
From star to star, its course would be—
Unresting it would go
Till we united were above,
Who severed were below—

Gaily the Troubadour.

1

Gaily the Troubadour
Touched his guitar,
When he was hastening
Home from the war,
Singing "from Palestine
Hither I come
Ladye Love! Ladye Love!
Welcome me Home".
Singing &c—

2

She for the Troubadour
Hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him,
When others slept;
Singing "In search of thee
Would I might roam
Troubadour! Troubadour!
Come to thy Home"
Singing &c—

3

Hark! 'Twas the Troubadour
Breathing her name,
Under the battlement
Softly he came;
Singing "from Palestine
Hither I come
Ladye Love! Ladye Love!
Welcome me Home.
Singing &c—

I'm Saddest when I sing—

2.

I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see;
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me.
Alas! 'tis vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring:
Each note recalls some withered leaf:—
I'm saddest when I sing—

3—

Of all the friends I used to love,
My Harp remains alone;
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own—
My Tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string;
Yet those who hear me, little think
I'm Saddest when I sing—

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

A POPULAR SONG, BY MISS BROWN—ARRANGED AS A TRIO, BY G. J. WEBB AND L. MASON.

Spiritoso.

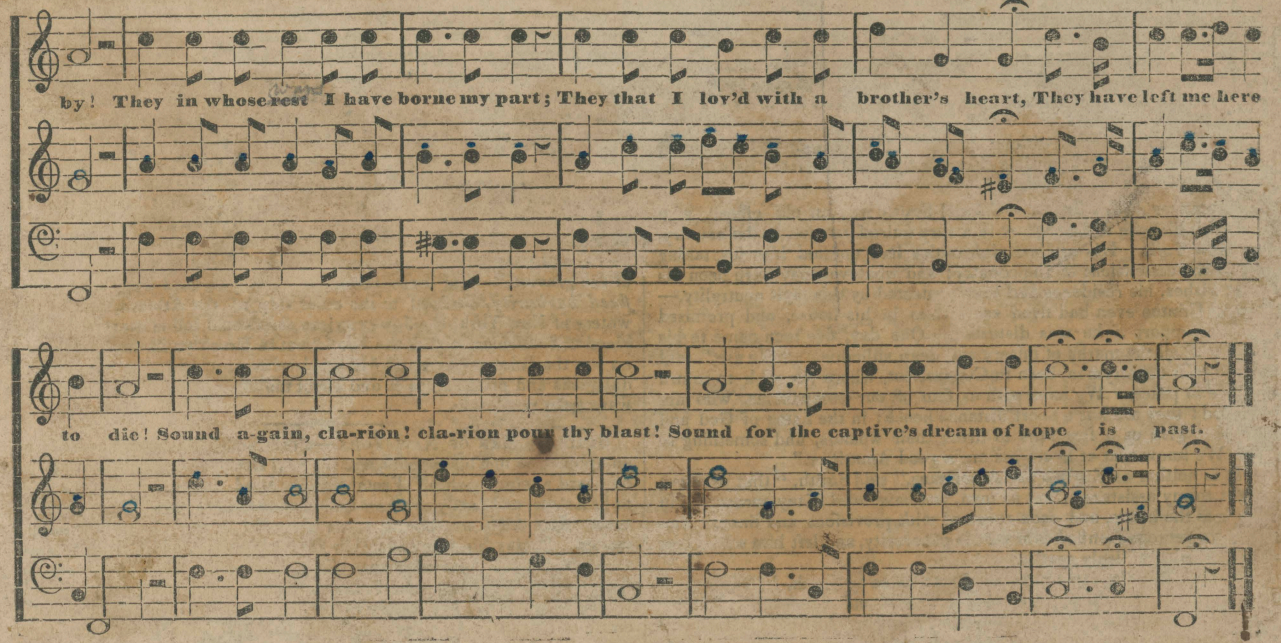
STACCATO.

1. 'Twas a trum-pet's peal-ing sound! And the knight look'd down from the Pay - nim's tow'r, And a
2. I knew 'twas a trumpet's note! And I see my breth-ren's lan - ces gleam, And their
3. I am here with my heavy chain! And I look on a tor - rent sweep-ing by, And an
4. Must I pine in my fetters here! With the wild waves foam, and the free birds flight, And the

chris - tian host, in its pride and pow'r, Thro' the pass be-neath him wound. Cease a-while clarion, clarion
pen - nons wave by the mountain stream, And their plumes to the glad wind float. Cease a-while, &c.
ea - gle rush - ing to the sky, And a host to its bat - tle plain. Cease a-while, &c.
tall spears glanc - ing on my sight, And the trum-pet in my ear. Cease a-while, &c.

Andante.

wild and shrill! Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, be still, be still. 5. They are gone; they have all pass'd


by! They in whose rest I have borne my part; They that I lov'd with a brother's heart, They have left me here
to die! Sound a-gain, cla-rion! cla-rion pour thy blast! Sound for the captive's dream of hope is past.